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MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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Michelle, our girl, page 52. Beezer power, page 60

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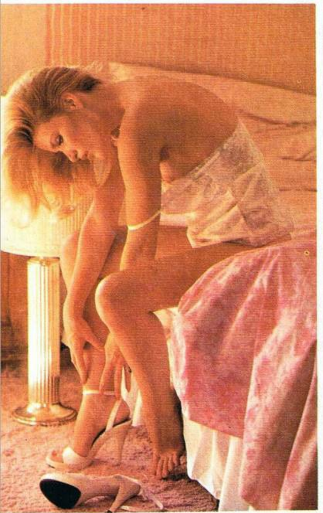
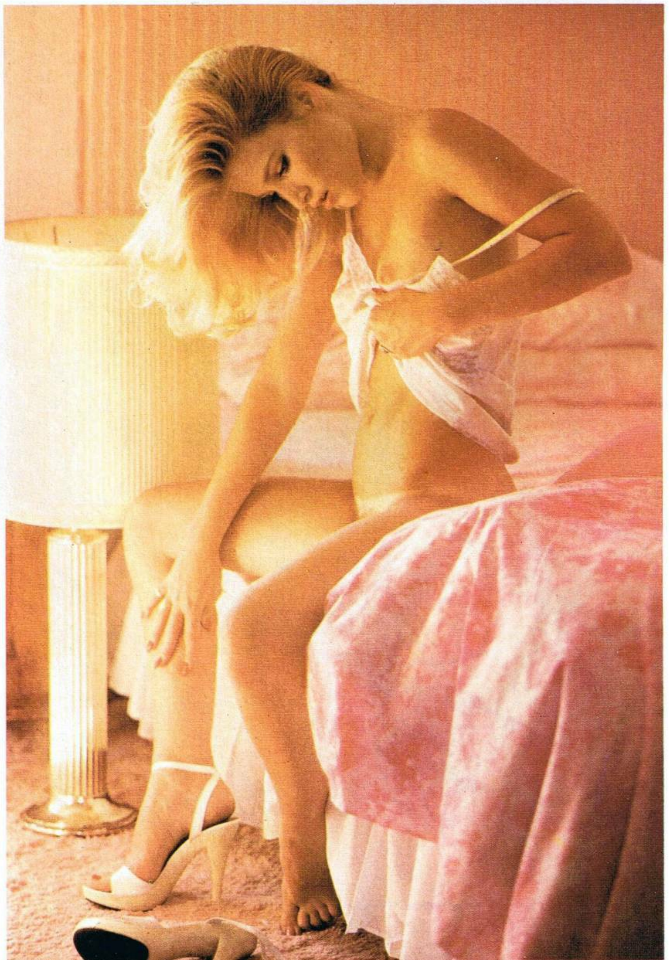
ROBIN

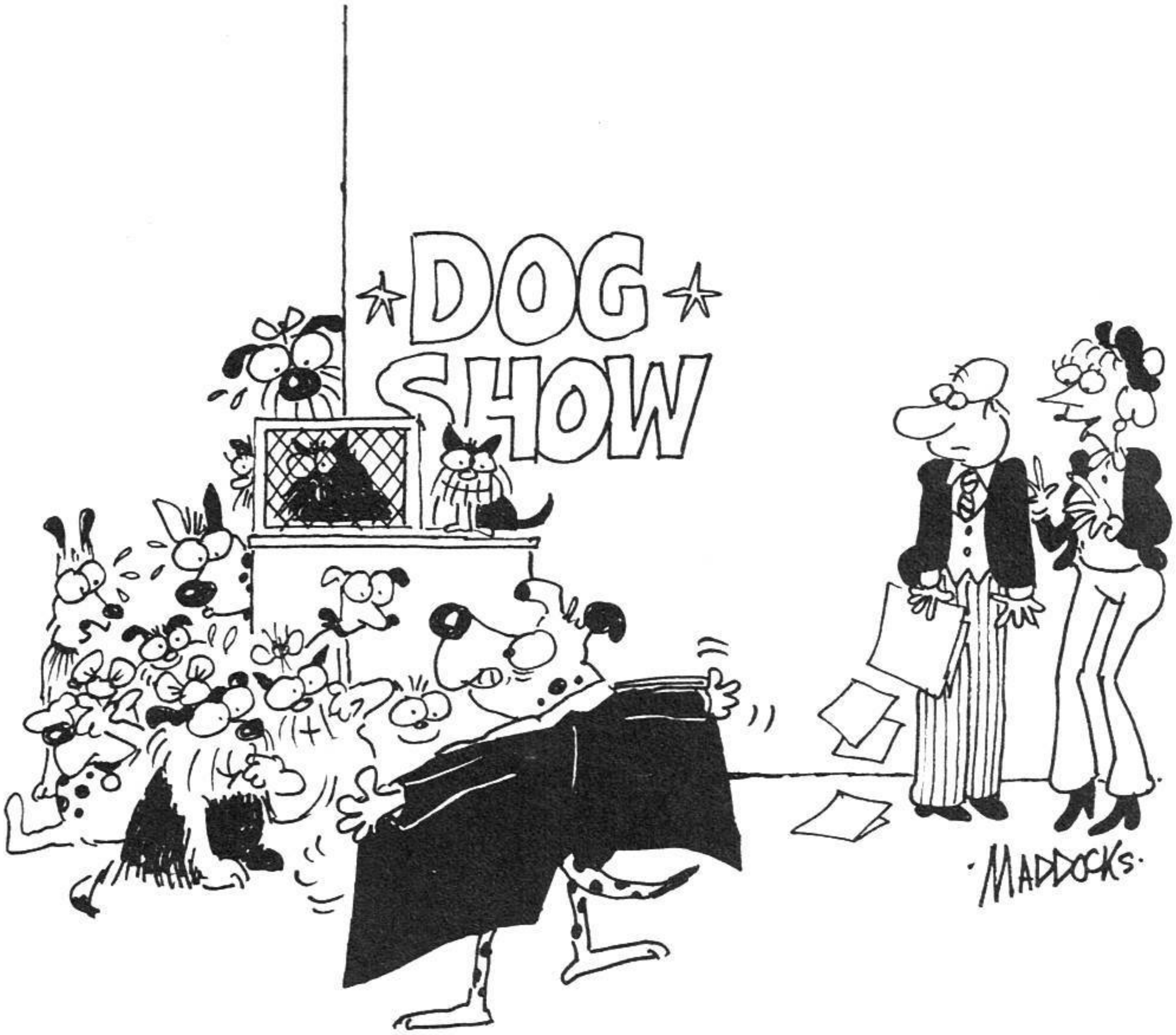
PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEPHEN OLIVER

When we met 22-year-old Robin Huddleston, a word sprang to mind which seemed to sum up her charm and attraction – serene. A quiet, reflective girl, Robin seems surrounded by an air of peace which appears to insulate her from the hectic bustle of the world around her. It is an atmosphere which one encounters in religious communities where people are free from everyday cares and worries. But this is not surprising as Robin was on the verge of taking the veil and becoming a nun herself. 'I went through a very religious phase when I was in my late teens and considered dedicating my life to the church.'





But we must all be grateful that a more physical side to Robin's nature prevented her from taking the plunge, for otherwise we would not have had the opportunity of seeing the delights of her 34–23–35 figure. 'I was sincere about the church, but I realised there is another need I have, and I am reminded of this every time I open my legs. I find I don't really know myself for I have these two contrasting sides to my character – the spiritual and the physical. I know everyone does, but in me they seem so extreme. Still, I try to be good and not let my fingers stray.' Robin lives in Colchester where she works in an art and craft shop, owned by some friends. She likes the work as it gives her the opportunity to meet people who share her hobby – painting. 'I like using watercolours as the effect is more instant than with oils, and they always seem somehow more delicate and romantic. I find there is nothing more enjoyable than to go out into the country on a summer's day with my paints to drift off into my own world.'


DOG SHOW
MADDOCKS

'As you can see he's a born show dog.'

SHAGGY DOG TALES

We unleash our ribald
cartoonist, Peter Maddocks, on this
month's Crufts dog show

FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring ♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

***♡♡♡ **Intimate Confessions of Stella** (X), 1 hr 21 mins. Home for the Christmas holidays with her attractive widowed mother, bosomy brunette schoolgirl Stella expresses her disapproval of Mum's latest live-in lover by practising mutual masturbation on a picnic with a local seminary student, stripping the maid and pleasuring her with a dildo that would frighten a horse and finally seducing the lover herself by leaping nudely into his bath. Thoroughly annoyed he decides to teach her a lesson by spearing her enthusiastically and very graphically over the end of her bed. When all this isn't happening, she dreams – just as graphically – of rolling about nakedly on the living room carpet with her seminary student, under the shocked gaze of mother and lover.

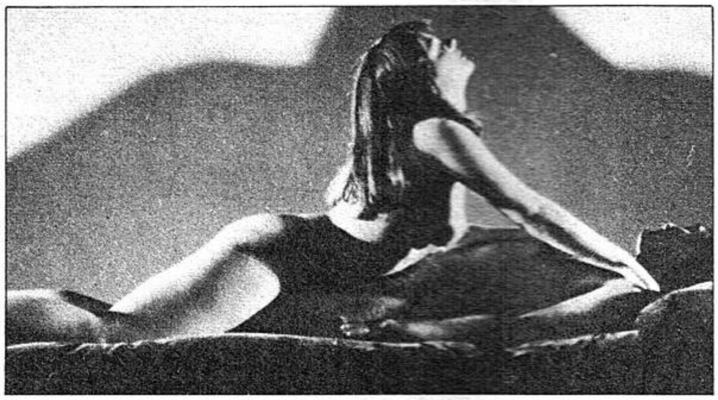
Slow in starting, *Stella* crowds its naughties into the second half, where heroine Azucena Hernandez spends less and less time with clothes on. If your taste runs to cheeky-faced teenagers with lingering traces of puppy fat, you won't be disappointed, though at an admitted 20 years of age Stella seems a trifle advanced for even the most backward of schools. A Franco-Spanish co-production, it marks Spain's post-Franco entrance to the European cinema sex scene.

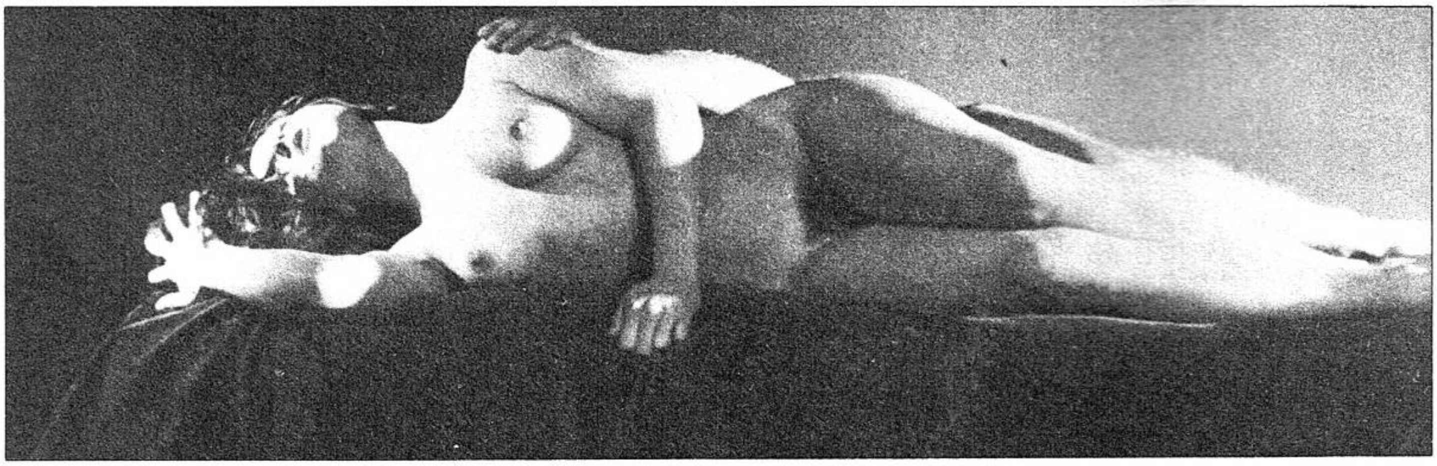
****♡♡ **Monty Python's Life of Brian** (AA), 1 hr 34 mins. After a libidinous night in, young Brian (Graham Chapman), a would-be Judean revolutionary at the time of Christ, leaves his naked girlfriend (the very trim Sue Jones-Davies) in bed and stumbles over to his window to greet the day. Throwing the shutter open on a full-frontal view of himself, he looks out yawning. 'Hail Brian!' roar 2000 people assembled below. They've mistaken him for the Messiah. Having been born in the next stable – much to the confusion of the Wise Men – Brian is almost used to this. Widely accused of blasphemy, *Life of Brian's* humour is directed less against Christianity than Romans, revolutionaries and Hollywood Biblical epics. Christ is only glimpsed once, halfway through the Sermon of the Mount, with the Python crew at the back of the multitude straining to hear what's said. 'What's that, blessed are the cheesemakers?' asks one. 'He's using the term metaphorically,' explains another. 'He is in fact referring to all those involved in the dairy produce industry.'

♡♡ **The Seduction of Joe Tynan (AA), 1 hr 47 mins. Seduction by power, that is, though rising American Senator Tynan (Alan *M*A*S*H* Alda) does take time off from his marriage to bed blue-stocking southern belle, Meryl Streep. Alda's own script of the career problems of a liberal politician in Washington starts with good intentions but fades into a soap opera for Alda fans only. Best moments are the funniest: Rip Torn's lecherous senator insisting against all indications that he's *very* busy in his office to an uncomprehending visitor who only at the last moment notices a woman's legs sticking out from beneath the senator's desk. Or Alda wisecracking to his mistress: 'I'd love to tell you my wife has the brains of a chorus girl, but she only has the body of one.'

***♡ **The Jericho Mile** (AA), 1 hr 37 mins. Actor Peter Strauss (best known from TV's *Rich Man, Poor Man*) puts heart, soul and an impressive amount of legwork into this tale of a prison 'lifer' whose obsession for solitary running unwittingly brings him up to Olympic standard and a chance to join America's athletic squad. Inspiring and sentimental in the same sporting way as *Rocky*, it's rooted to the prison yard by Strauss' obvious conviction. Laggardly joggers will reach at once for their plimsoles.

♡ **Hurricane (AA), 1 hr 59 mins. Art student Mia Farrow and local chieftain Dayton Ka'ne paddle palms in 1920 Samoa while Miss Farrow's colonial father (Jason Robards) fumes with righteous anger, imprisoning Mr Ka'ne on a trumped up charge. Complications ensue but are neatly solved by a hurricane which wipes out everyone except hero and heroine. Watch out for the greatly superior 1937 original on TV, whose climactic special effects have never been equalled. This one is a storm in a coconut shell.



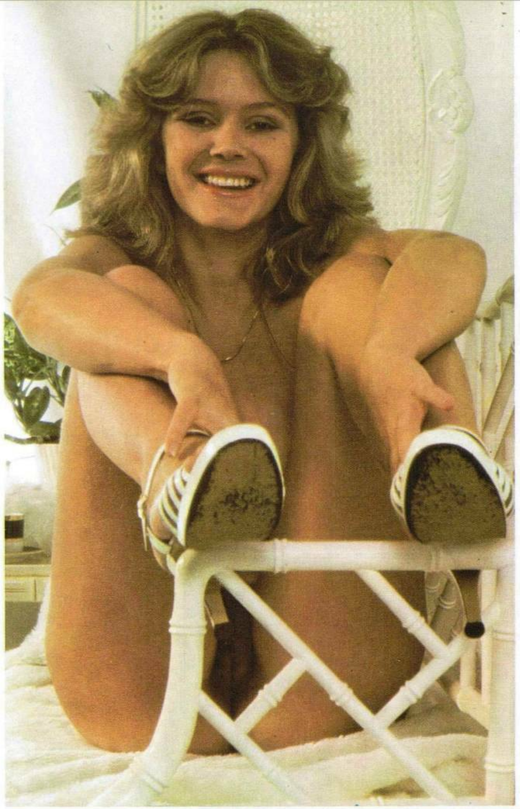


Butler Thomas lends Françoise the maid a hand (top left) while Stella canoodles with her seminary student in 'Intimate Confessions of Stella'.

REBECCA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Like a diamond, a girl's sexual attractiveness can have many facets. Some of them look sultry or seductive while the appeal of others lies in their unworldliness or innocence. But 21-year-old Rebecca Wheeler has a fresh, natural quality to her beauty which is the secret of her sex-appeal. A charming smile, friendly eyes which seem to sparkle with laughter, combined with her full 35-24-36 figure, could melt the heart of any red-blooded *Mayfair* reader.



Rebecca's modelling assignment is likely to cause a few raised eyebrows down in Farnborough where she went to school. 'It was run by nuns – a convent school. It would be interesting to see their reactions if they saw what I have done for *Mayfair*. I can just imagine their faces, not that it is very likely they subscribe to *Mayfair*.' Needless to say, she was not greatly influenced by the school, though she did enjoy her time there. 'But don't get the wrong impression about convent schoolgirls,' she laughed, 'we were quite a wild bunch and now I feel sorry for anyone who had to keep us in check.' The school did help Rebecca get a place at university, and she is at present halfway through a geography course at University College, working for a Bachelor of Arts degree. 'College life suits me a lot more than school did because we have total independence which I like.'

Rebecca lives in a flat in Golders Green at the moment as it is conveniently near the university. But her parents live in a rather more exotic part of the world – Singapore, where her father is a diplomat with the Foreign Office, on the commercial side. 'I don't know whether the diplomatic life appeals to me. I think I'd like to follow a career which was a little more exciting, though it is a good way of seeing the world.' Rebecca finds excitement in the energy and power of rock music and sings in a band herself. 'It gives me a great kick to be up on the stage in front of a live audience. You can't put it into words, it's just a feeling that you get.'

For over 1,000 years men believed that superior swordsmanship and perfect pistol aim proved the rightness of their cause

HOT BLOOD & COLD KILLING

The rise and fall of duelling

By Peter Holt

The sudden violence of clashing steel or gunshot in the eerie stillness of a damp dawn, the cries of pain and the hurried departure – it is a picture of macabre romanticism. This is the imaginative portrait of the duel, a phenomenon which bedevilled mankind for many centuries – indeed, for over a thousand years it exercised its evil influence.

Duelling was defined as an arranged fight

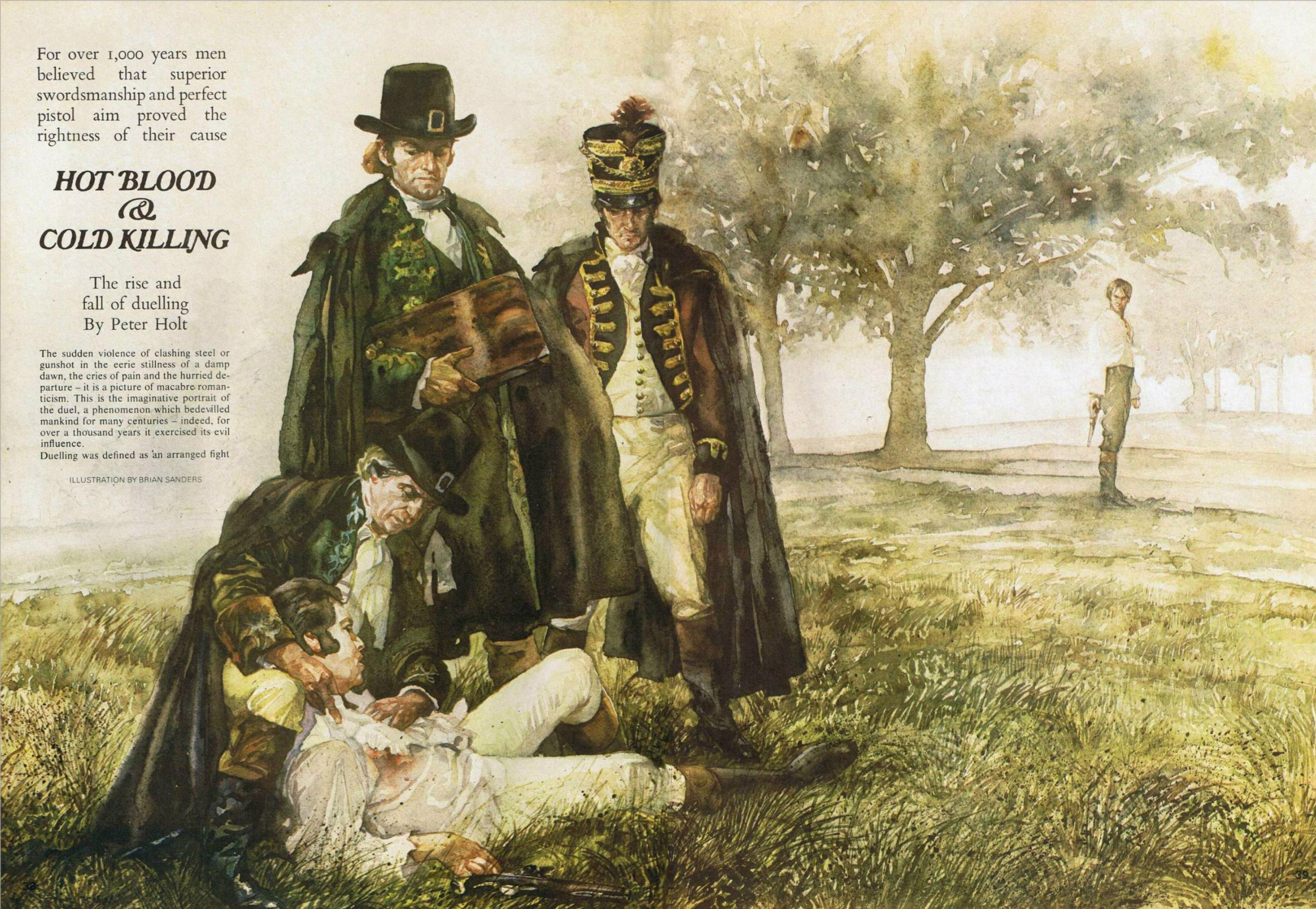


ILLUSTRATION BY BRIAN SANDERS

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

Three bus loads of Reading supporters were returning from the match when they spotted a Millwall fan turn off the pavement and go down an alley. The supporters in the first bus load made a firm request to the driver to stop and the other two buses pulled up behind.

Thirty fans on the first bus jumped off and bundled down the alley to discuss the match with the Millwall fan, but after ten minutes they had still not re-emerged and so the fans on the second bus bundled off down the alley. Another ten minutes passed and still none of the fans had returned, so the third bus load went to join in the bundle.

About 15 minutes later not one Reading fan had emerged from the alley, and the bus drivers decided to go and have a look. But as they reached the beginning of the alley a Reading fan covered in blood and bruises crawled onto the pavement, and almost collapsed.

'Go back. Go back', he gasped. 'It's a trap. There's two of them.'

Two young lads were nearing the end of their holiday and had acquired a brilliant all-over tan except for one fundamental part of their anatomy which they had carefully shielded from the harmful rays of the sun. This made them look a little odd and so to improve the match they hit upon an ingenious plan.

They would bury themselves in the sand leaving only their manhood exposed plus, of course, a small airhole. They felt that there was no danger of burning this important part because they were now in a better position to assess the strength of the sun.

They buried themselves in a good spot on the beach, but a few minutes later an elderly couple came strolling by and couldn't help but see these two fine examples of young manhood. They were shocked, especially the wife who bent down for a closer inspection to confirm the true nature of the objects.

She then stood up and facing her husband she wailed: 'George it just doesn't bear thinking about.'

'What doesn't?' demanded George.

'To think I've been married to you all these years and the delightful things are growing wild out here.'

When the members of the Church council had finished their monthly meeting they decided to repair across the road to the Rose and Crown for a little something to warm them before their journey home. The barmaid who served them was a pretty young thing, but rather plump with breasts pushed so high that they stretched her low-cut dress to the limit.

The vicar ordered the round and as the girl leaned forward for a glass the unspeakable happened – one of her boobs popped out. Hurriedly she pushed the wayward piece of anatomy back into place, blushing furiously as she did so, for the vicar had seen all.

In fact everyone near the bar had seen her magnificent mammaries.

The vicar noticed her embarrassment and wishing to put the girl at ease he remarked: 'Please my dear, there is no need to feel embarrassed on my account. I am a man of the cloth and no lustful thoughts ever enter my head. To me you are merely one of God's children the same as everyone in this public house.'

Much relieved the girl said: 'Oh thank you vicar and what will you and your friends have to drink?'

The vicar replied: 'A pint and a half of Titbread Wankard please'.

'How many O Levels have you got Murphy?' asked the boss.

'Twenty-nine', replied Murphy.

'Don't be ridiculous', said the boss.

'Well you started it', said Murphy.

Did you hear about the queer swallow? He flew backwards for a lark.

A travelling salesman booked into a motel, but was disappointed because his room had no bath or shower. So he took a stroll down the corridor and found a bathroom at the far end. To save time he turned on the taps and dashed back to his room for a towel, but on his return he found a buxom blonde opening the door.

'What are you doing, Miss?' he said, 'this is my bath'.

'No it isn't', she snapped back.

'Well I am determined to get in this bath and I'm taking off my clothes', he said unbuttoning his shirt.

'Two can play at that game', said the blonde removing her blouse.

'I am determined to get in', said the salesman, 'and I'm now going to take down my trousers'.

Not to be outdone the blonde dropped her skirt to reveal a very brief pair of panties, and the sight of her superb form nearly caught the salesman off guard. But he was determined to have his bath so he peeled off his Y-fronts even though he was in an advanced state of excitement.

The blonde stared at his erection and then looked him in the eyes and said: 'Do you fuck?'

'Yes', croaked the salesman.

'Well fuck off then'.

A choir boy tied the bell rope around his penis. The vicar tolled him off.

A Pommie who hailed from Newcastle
Had invented a novelty parcel
It contained inter alia
A map of Australia
Framed in a kangaroo's bottom

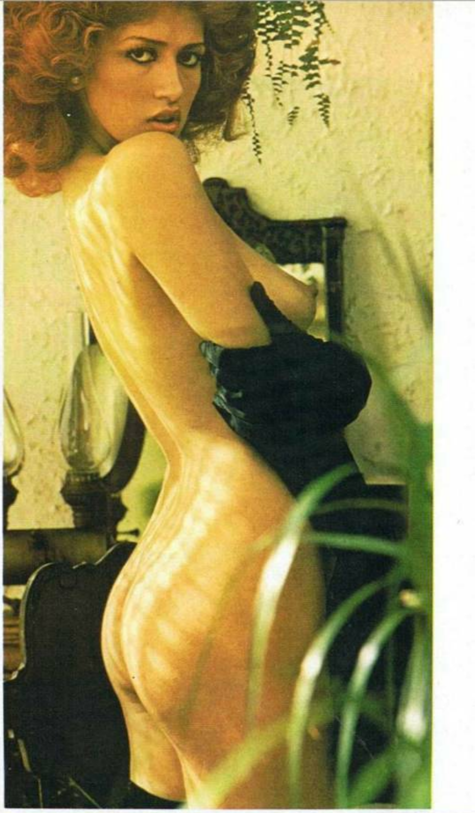
Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

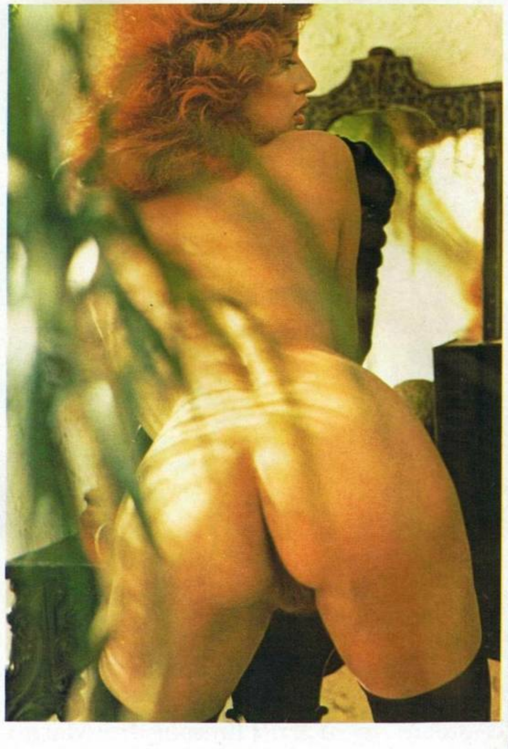
TERESA

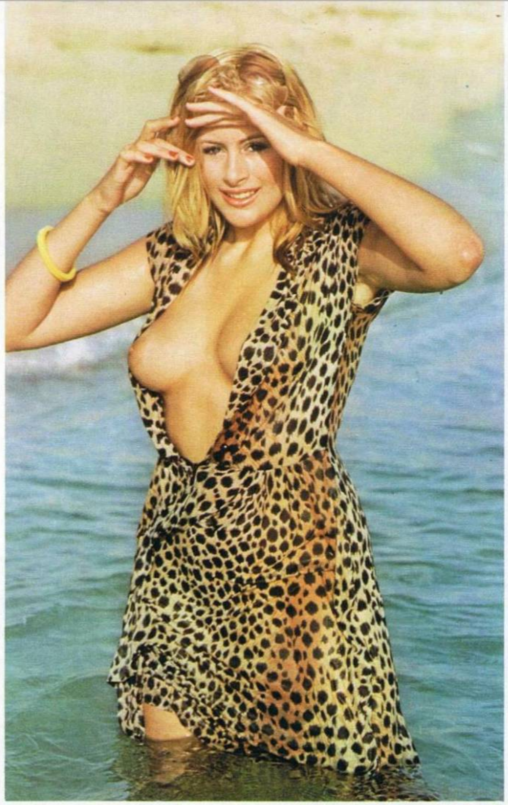
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
SIWER OHLSSON

Nineteen-year-old Teresa Green was always theatrical. 'I remember,' she says, a smile upon her lips, 'when I wasn't picked for the school hockey team, I stormed out of practice and wouldn't speak to our sports mistress for weeks afterwards.' It is quite appropriate then that 36–25–36 Teresa should hanker after a life under the limelight. 'I like being noticed. I remember one other time, quite recently, a friend of a friend tried it on with me on a night out. I emptied a gin and tonic over him. There's being noticed and there's being noticed.' Teresa shares her birthplace with one of the country's best-loved actresses. 'Yes, Diana Rigg. She and Kevin Keegan are the only famous people to come from Doncaster.'

So far Teresa's acting career has been limited. 'I did appear in an amateur production of Alan Ayckbourn's *Norman Conquests* trilogy. I was in *Round the Garden* – the cast changed for each play – playing Norman's wife. I thought I was pretty good considering I've had no actual training. Ideally I'd like to get into drama school and learn properly. I don't want to be 45 and look back and say "Why didn't I at least try?" I'm going to have a go.' During the day Teresa works as a clerk for a firm of London solicitors and can sometimes be seen during 'Happy Hour' at the select *Zanzibar* cocktail bar. 'It's the only indulgence I have. I usually go with a friend from work,' she says, 'the membership's quite dear. Not that I'm serious about him – he's just a friend. I've got quite a few boyfriends; the truth being that I prefer the company of men to that of women. Girls together are like so many hens, they're quite boring. I have no doubt that someday I'll settle down and get married but there hasn't been anyone who's fallen head over heels for me. Perhaps it is my acting letting me down.'







MICHELLE

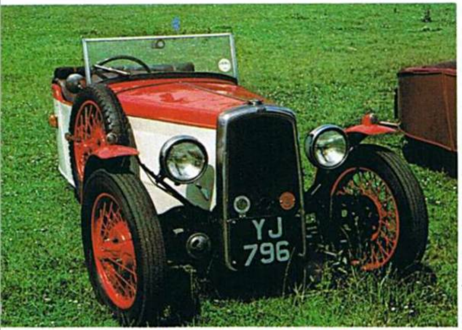
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

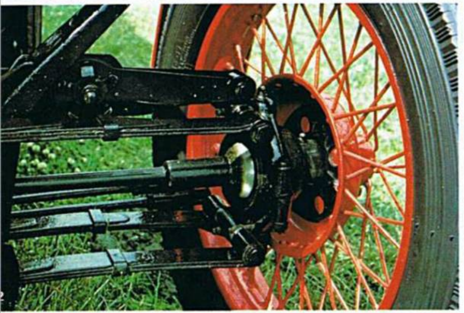
Wild horses couldn't drag Michelle Farmer away from her beloved green fields to the bright lights of the city. She was raised in the countryside and has every intention of remaining where the grass is greener and the fresh air fills her nostrils. Michelle is known as Celie to her friends and relatives, and it was in her grandparents' pub at Loxwood, near Horsham in Sussex, where Celie made her birthday-suit debut. She then spent her first 14 years at nearby Rudgwick village where the country life must have been partly to blame for Michelle's supple 36-25-35 figure, which we were fortunate enough to capture on film last summer when she was still 17. Three years ago, however, the Farmer family headed for the coast with a heartbroken Michelle who didn't want to leave school.

A mixed comprehensive school in Billingshurst, Sussex, was Michelle's seat of learning and her favourite subjects were English, because she liked reading books, and biology, because she liked the biology teacher, although he was not conscious of her crush. He upset Michelle by marrying the PE mistress and the second blow came when the Farmers moved away to a village in the Chichester area to run the local Post Office. But Michelle has now adapted to the sea air.

The biology master crush did leave its mark on Michelle, because she now prefers older men, especially those with some degree of sophistication. Being jostled in a smoky pub isn't Michelle's idea of a good night out – she likes to use wine bars, and her favourite is Woody's Wine Bar in Chichester which Michelle and her entourage like to visit at least once a week. When she's not relaxing Michelle earns her crust on regular modelling assignments and by helping her best girlfriend working on a Surrey studfarm. Michelle loves to gallop across the open country on a thoroughbred stallion, and at the moment she is making plans to emigrate with her best friend to Australia where there should be enough open country to last two young girls their lifetimes. They will leave in March if the visas come through, but it's unlikely that Michelle will be classed undesirable.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/MICHELLE FARMER

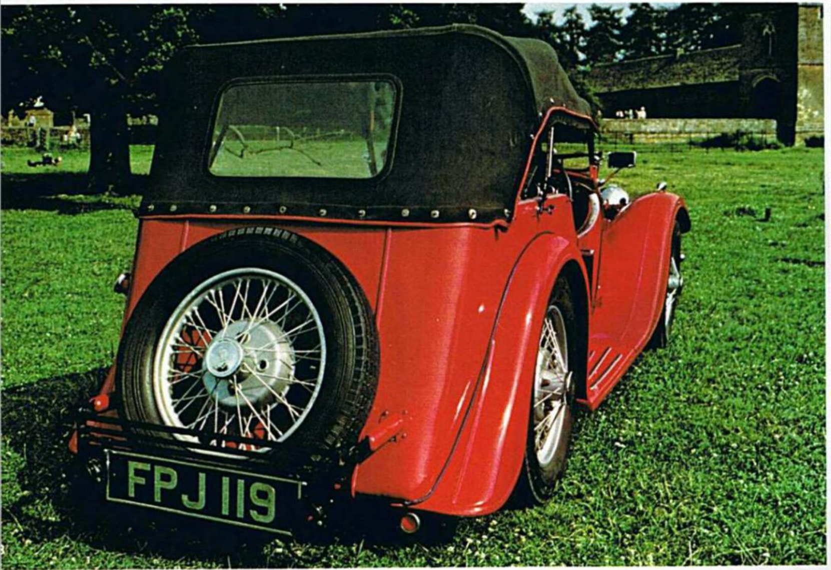




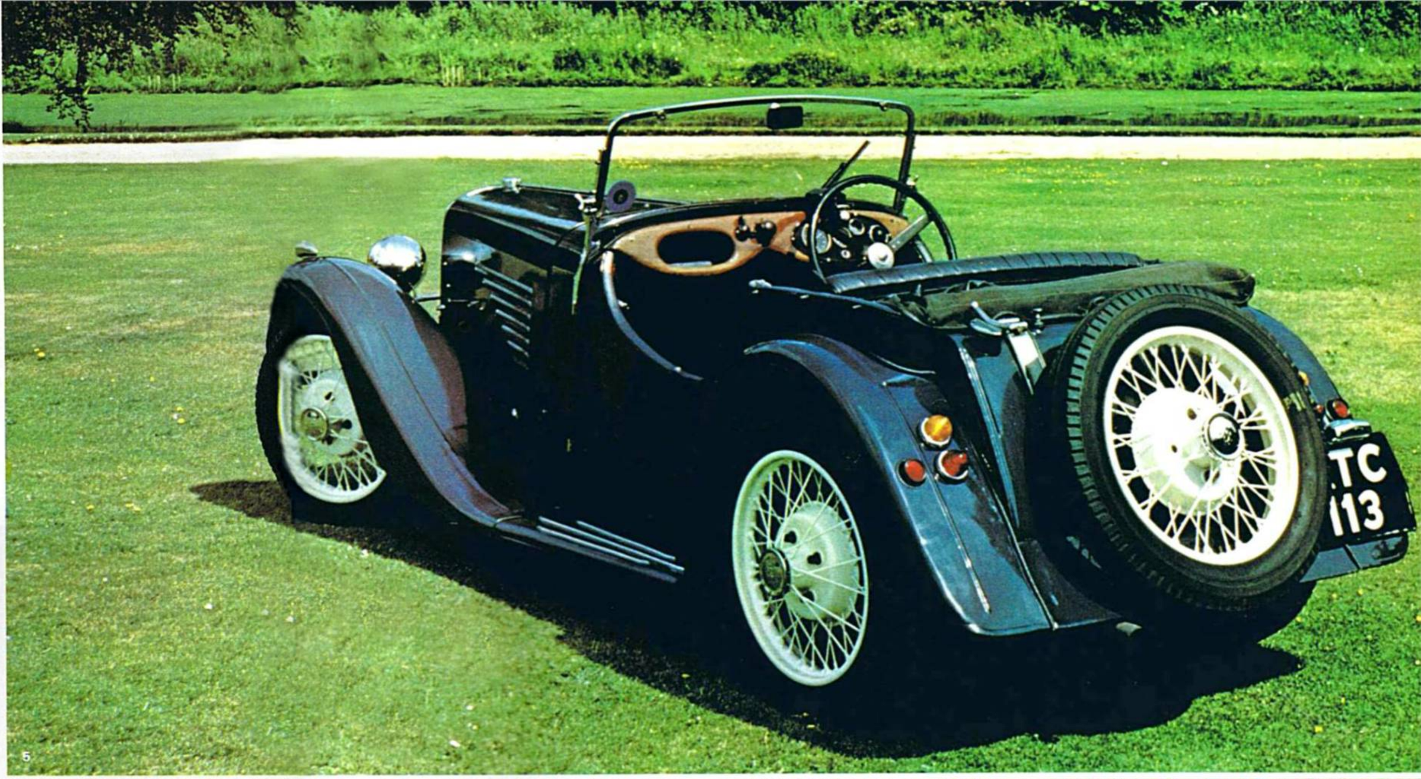
motoring history, that before the war the essentially-British companies of Alvis in Coventry and BSA – Birmingham Small Arms, no less – in that other Midlands engineering city, both pioneered the use of front-drive on practical cars you could actually buy – before, that is, Citroen made this idea a universal issue.

Much later, that great genius Sir Alec Issigonis used front-wheel-drive for his now immortal Mini, a four-passenger box only fractionally over ten feet in length. But Issigonis was out for maximum space for four adults and their legitimate luggage, in the most compact package possible. He used a transverse engine with the gears in its sump and tiny ten-inch diameter Dunlop tyres to achieve, so very effectively, his desired end.

When Alvis was playing with front-wheel-drive, around 1924/25, it was searching for better fast cornering than other contemporary sports cars possessed, deciding that to pull a car along was more sensible than pushing it, especially round fast slippery corners. It is significant that Alvis only used the front-drive theme for sports and racing models, and did not persevere with it for very long. You could buy a saloon FWD Alvis, but the open versions were noisy enough, with all the gearing up front, not to have encouraged a closed body on the FWD chassis. So Alvis used *traction*



For the same £4 annual road tax as motor cycles one could enjoy sports car motoring in the 1930s in a 9 hp Sports Special trike (pic 1) which was pulled along by front-wheel-drive (2). The 1937 four-seater Series 4 Scout (3) and (4) was powered by a 1,204 cc 10 hp engine, while the two-seater 1935 Series 1 Scout (5) had a 1,075 cc water-cooled engine.



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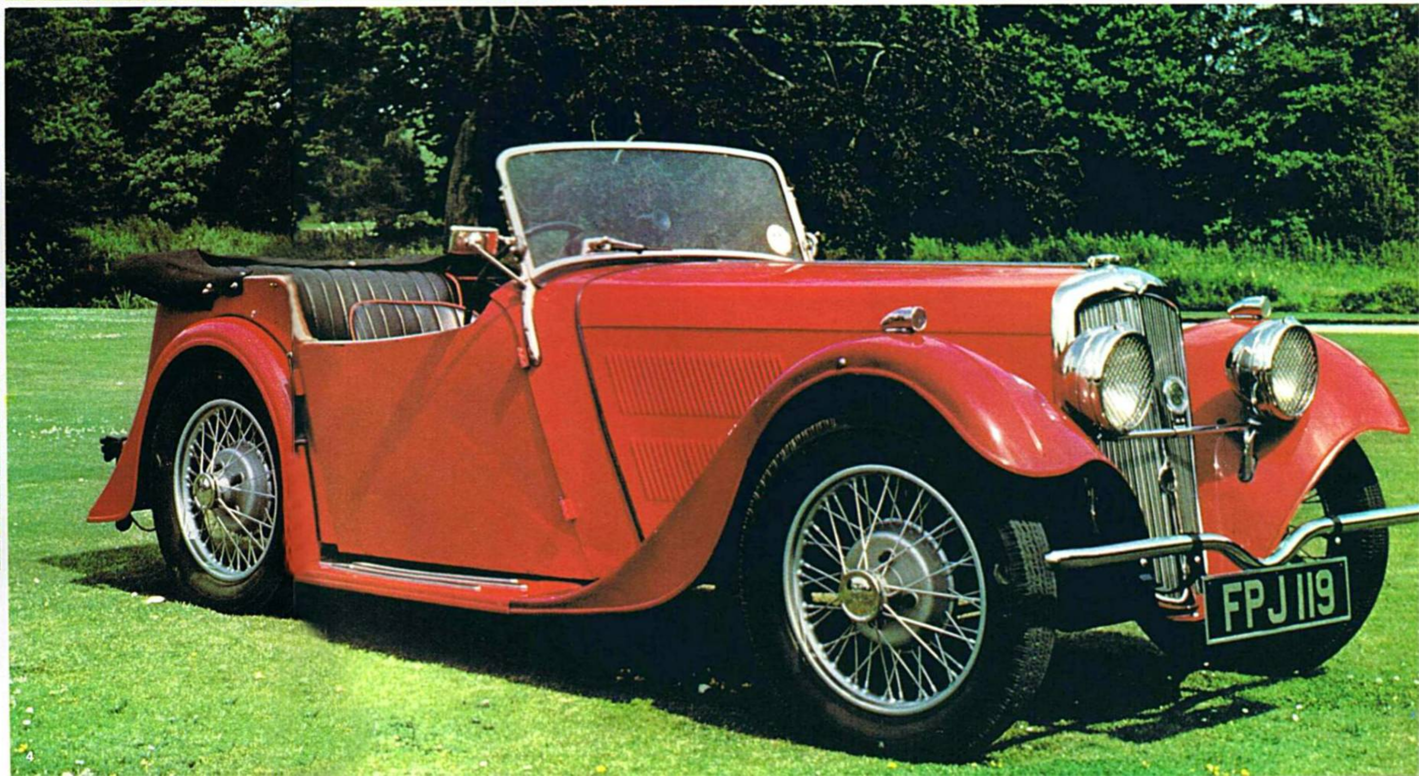

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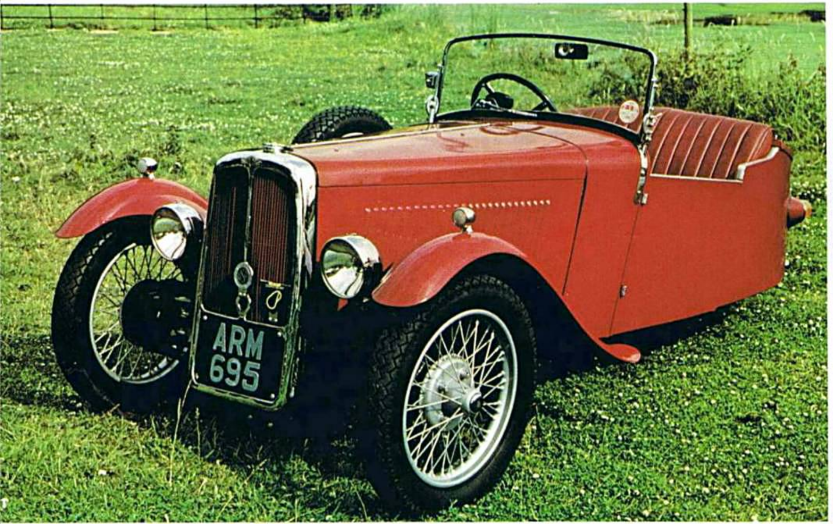
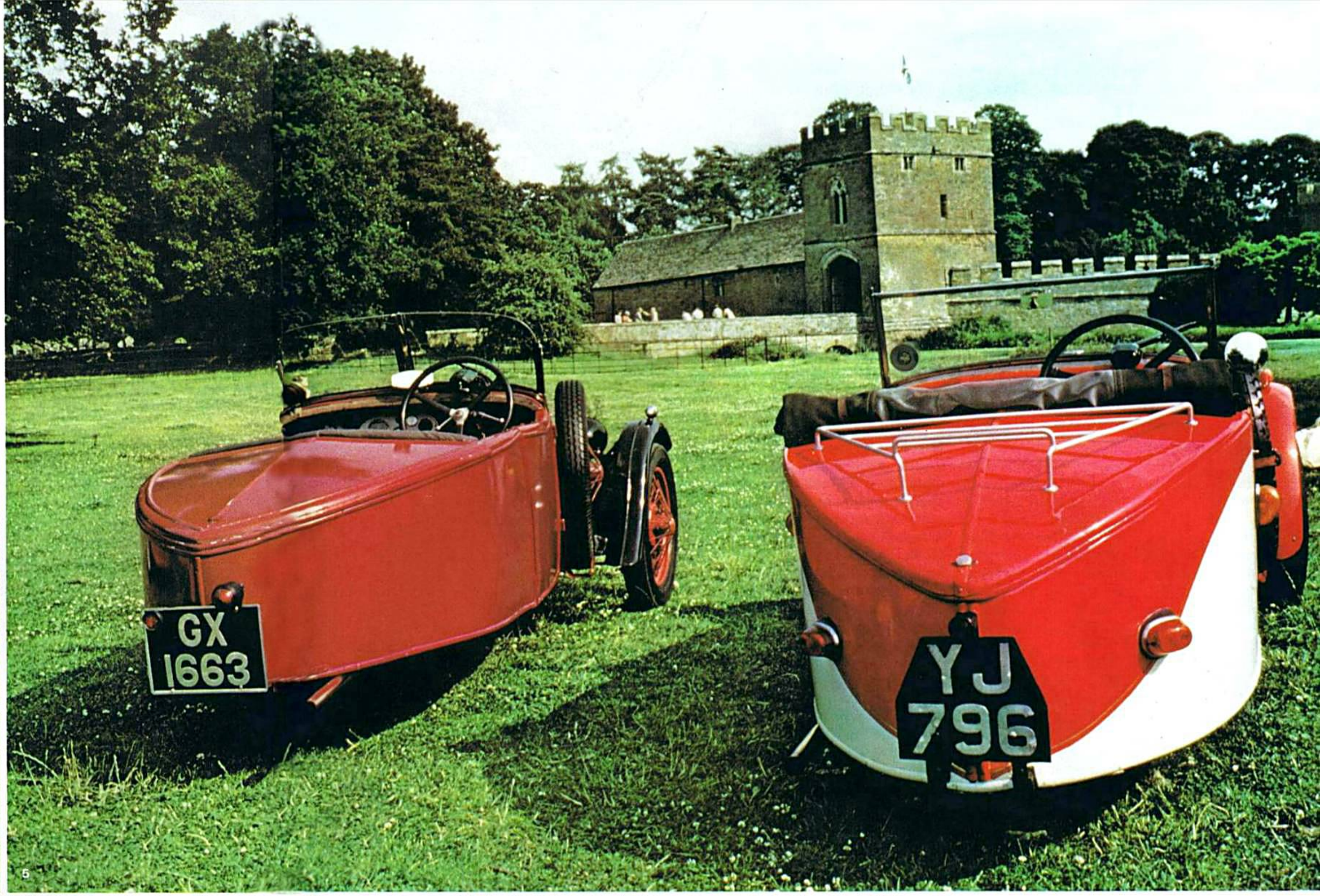
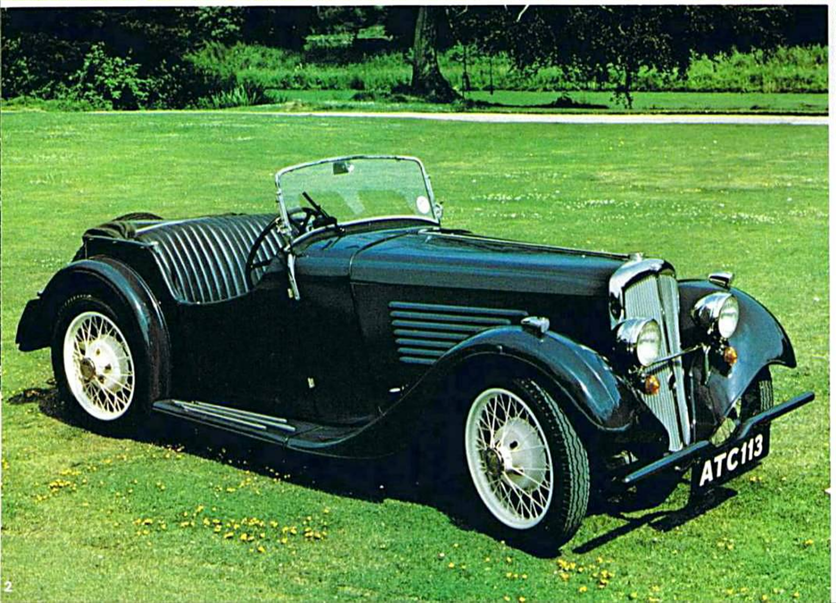
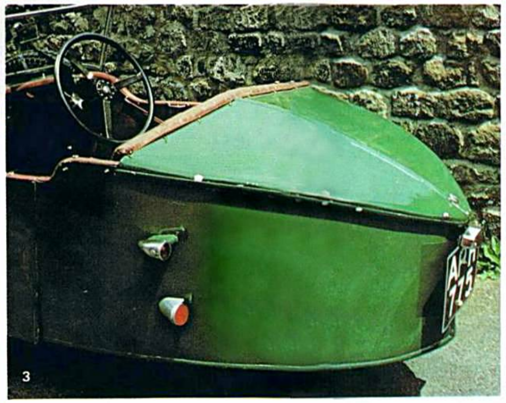
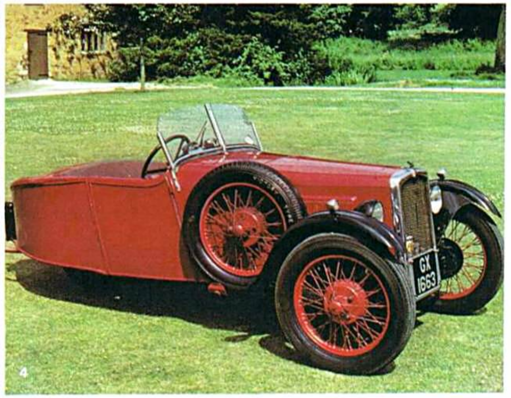
BSA preferred to pull their three wheelers round corners by the two front wheels instead of pushing them by a single rear wheel, so for their Sports Special (pic 1) and other three wheelers they managed to solve the problems of driving the wheels which also steer the vehicle. BSA achieved this with flexible couplings and Hooke joints, and an added advantage of this configuration accrued if the rear tyre punctured. Instead of rummaging around the oily driving chains, as on the three-wheeled Morgan, one could easily remove the rear wheel. An immaculate Series 1 10 hp BSA Scout (2); the three-wheeled TW33 (3) and the air-cooled TW32-6 with its dummy radiator grill providing nothing more than decoration (4). The BSA Sports (left 5) and Special, right.











avant – later made to seem so sensible and so practical and so thoroughly obvious for mass-produced family cars by Citroen of Paris – almost exclusively for its hill-climb and sprint cars – or for racing cars it intended to extend at Brooklands or in the Ulster TT.

BSA had yet a third reason for experimenting with, and adopting for the customers, front-wheel-drive. It so happened that in the 1930s the economy-car was very much in demand and the Morgan Motor Company down at Malvern was doing very well with its simple three-wheelers. At that time, if a three-wheeler weighed less than 8 cwt it could be taxed for £4 a year. This was a saving of some six to eight pounds per annum over the tax demanded for the average four-wheeled small car. Coupled with the need to replace only three tyres, cheaper insurance, etc., there was a brisk market for the tricar. This may seem curious, in view of these paltry running-cost-savings against those of a proper car, but they must be weighed against the very slender wage-packets in those times.

That is the explanation of why the great Birmingham Small Arms concern decided to enter the tricycle field of motor-car manufacture in 1929. It is also easy to see why driving the pair of front wheels of a three-wheeler seemed much better than poking the power through the single, solitary back wheel, as Morgan was doing. For one thing, if the tyre punctured, its removal was made difficult and messy by the close proximity of the driving mechanism – nasty oily chains on a Morgan. Then there was the logic of having two wheels, instead of the single wheel, to take the drive. And when cornering it might seem (I am sure dear old H F S Morgan refuted this) that pulling the thing round the bends was better than pushing it round, especially with only one driving wheel. So BSA had a pioneering go at front-wheel-drive.

In those days there were problems to face over the universal joints which were essential to incorporate when the driving wheels also had to be turned to steer the trike. Such mechanical problems persisted for Citroen, DKW and others in later eras, and were not fully resolved by the time Alec Issigonis was designing and building his Mini and his 1100s. There was the problem of pull on the steering wheel and there was a noise factor. Additionally, these hard-tried universal joints might lock-up, with dire results. Indeed, after the debut of the Mini, every fatal accident had to have a BMC spokesman at the inquest, to prove to sceptical coroners that the universal joints had been fractured due to the accident impact, and were not the cause of it.

However, BSA thought it all worth a go. Its first FWD three-wheeler was announced in November 1929. It used a convenient 90-deg vee-twin (two-cylinder) air-cooled push-rod overhead-valve engine of 1,021 cc. This power unit had been made by Hotchkiss and as fellow armament makers they had no doubt met up with the Birmingham Small Arms fraternity. Anyway, this power plant had been adopted by BSA for a rather cumbersome rear-wheel-drive light car in 1922. One of these, rather surprisingly, survives and can be seen competing in today's trials or driving-tests organised by the Vintage Sports Car Club.

The engine was set across the frame of this first BSA three-wheeler. It drove the two front wheels through a cork-lined clutch (a lining favoured on the Morris-Cowley), flexible couplings and Hooke joints. A brake drum was fitted next to the differential, coupled to another similar brake on the single back wheel. Compared with the Morgan and other utility three-wheelers, this new BSA was a very *de luxe* proposition. It had electric lighting and starter, a reverse gear, which the two-speed Morgans actually dispensed with, proper bad-weather protection, and those driven front wheels were independently sprung, on transverse quarter-elliptic leaf springs. It was a good-looking light car on three wheels, not a go-between to the motor cycle and side-car.

The BSA trike was offered in 1930 as a two-seater and as a sports model, but the latter was sports mostly in type-name only. The back wheel was quickly detachable if tyre trouble intruded and the appearance was rendered smart by using a dummy radiator to hide the air-cooled cylinders, whereas Morgan either just put a sort of coal-scuttle over theirs or else hung the engine unashamedly naked, out in front.

For 1931 the makers of the BSA were sufficiently confident to include the four-seater Family model in their catalogue. By 1932 a more sporting model than the former Sports model was another addition, and those leaf springs were now damped by shock-absorbers. A four-wheeled edition was also introduced, with the two rear wheels on a simple axle and the body given a little pointed tail. As this merely cost more to tax without any other advantages, apart from apparent greater stability, it was not a success and a van body on the three-wheeler chassis fared little better.

However, all the BSA front-wheel-drive know-how paid off, because by 1932 the T9 four-wheel four-seater with a 9 hp four-cylinder water-cooled engine arrived. It was over-weight and not popular, any more than was a van on this more ambitious chassis, the V9. But these developments led to better products. First, the three-wheeler was given the four-cylinder engine, perhaps because Morgan was using Ford Eight and Ten power packs as well as vee-twins. Like Morgan, BSA made both versions, but the four-pot trikes had nicer-looking bodywork. More important, the sports four-cylinder, four-wheeler BSA, known as the BSA Scout, came along in 1935, a year before the three-wheelers were abandoned. This was a nice little car, good-looking, with a two-seater body having a cut-away side to the driver's door for arm-room when twirling the wheel on fast corners, and a slab fuel tank with the spare wheel mounted behind it, in the best MG fashion. The front-wheel-drive was retained, for better cornering-power, they said, and semi-elliptic springs supported the slave back axle. Both back wheels had brake drums, augmented by the front brake beside the differential.

The engine of the first BSA Scout, taxed for £9, had a bore and stroke of 60 mm and 95 mm respectively, and the specification followed that of the three-wheeler, with a three-forward-speed gearbox possessing a silent third gear. The engine was, of course, a side-valve unit, an apron pretended to conceal half-elliptic instead of those transverse front springs, and bolt-on wire wheels, bonnet louvres, and a fold-flat screen were in the best tradition of the current small sports cars. To clear the front-drive machinery the gear lever was provided with a rather complex linkage to the gear selectors – long a problem with the early front-wheel-drive cars before transverse-mounted engines brought the gearbox closer to the driving compartment. But at first a normal hand-brake lever was contrived and only for the Series 4 Scouts did BSA adopt the umbrella-handle type brake lever on the dashboard.

In 1936 there was a choice of five front-drive cars and some additional rear-drive models, these in four-cylinder and six-cylinder forms, with the Daimler fluid-flywheel, BSA having absorbed the age-old Daimler Motor Company. For 1937 the BSA Scout was offered in two-seater sports, four-seater tourer and coupé guises, and as the Series-4 cars, now with all the brake drums in the wheel hubs. When the Series-5 models came out for 1937 they had 12-volt instead of 6-volt electrics, were better styled, and the braking was now on the Bendix system, which is another way of saying it was probably all right when the cars were new. The makers were BSA Cycles Limited, of Birmingham.

Various neat little coupé models supplemented the sports two-seater Scout and by 1939, the final year, the Series-6 BSAs included an all-steel saloon. This was a four-light affair, costing – wait for it – only £196, and the tourer was even less expensive, at £176. Fourteen drop-head coupés were made before the war stopped play.

However, it is as the compact Scout sports two-seater that these front-wheel-drive BSAs are best remembered. The 9 hp model cost a mere £149 10s. for 1936 or with the 10 hp engine £157 10s., for a very smart and attractive little bus. The inclusion of ten shillings (50p) into the price-list indicates how competitive the market was. These BSA Scouts may not have been as fast as the overhead-valve and overhead-camshaft opposition but in 1935 the West Riding Constabulary possessed a fleet of five.

It is good to know that the BSA Front Wheel Drive Club exists to foster these quaint little vehicles. The Secretary is Peter King, 81 Beverley Drive, Edgware, Middlesex HA8 5NH.

PLAYER'S
Nº6
Filter Virginia
Regular
PLAYER'S
Nº6
KING SIZE
King Size
NSC20D

MIDDLE TAR As defined in H.M. Government Tables.
H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

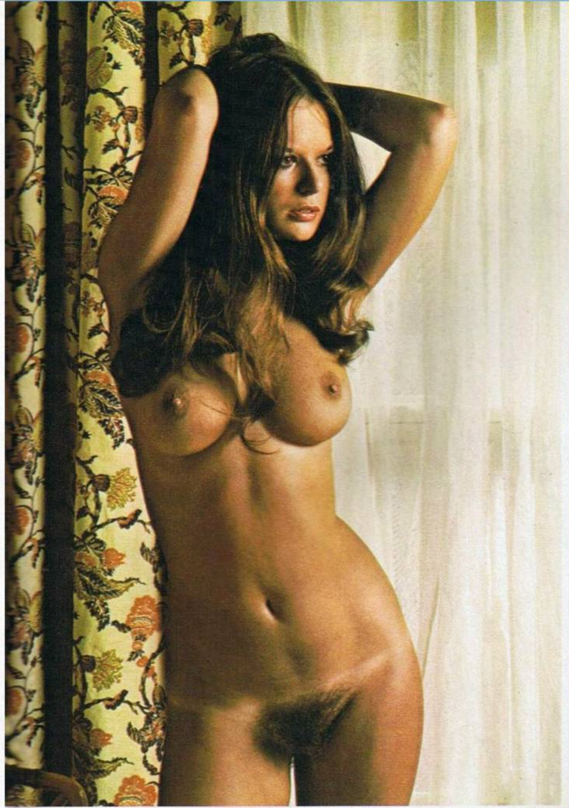
ALISON

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JOHN ALLUM

If any of Alison Tyrer's friends want to track her down on a Saturday afternoon, they know exactly where to look. For 20-year-old Alison is a devoted Liverpool fan and when they are playing at home you will always find her in the cheering crowds of the Kop. 'They are definitely the best team and I have been a regular supporter since I was eleven,' said Alison whose 34-24-35 figure is enough to distract the other fans.

Footwear by Shelley Shoes   Furnishings by Alia

Alison always goes to the matches with her father and at one game she lost some of her own support when her bra came undone under her T-shirt. 'I was a bit embarrassed and had to keep my arms folded over my chest for the rest of the game. But luckily the crowd were too busy concentrating on the players and I think nobody noticed. Now I always pin up my bra when I go to games.' Alison gets quite carried away with her enthusiasm, but she disapproves of women soccer players. 'I like the game and women don't play it well so I prefer watching the skilled players.'

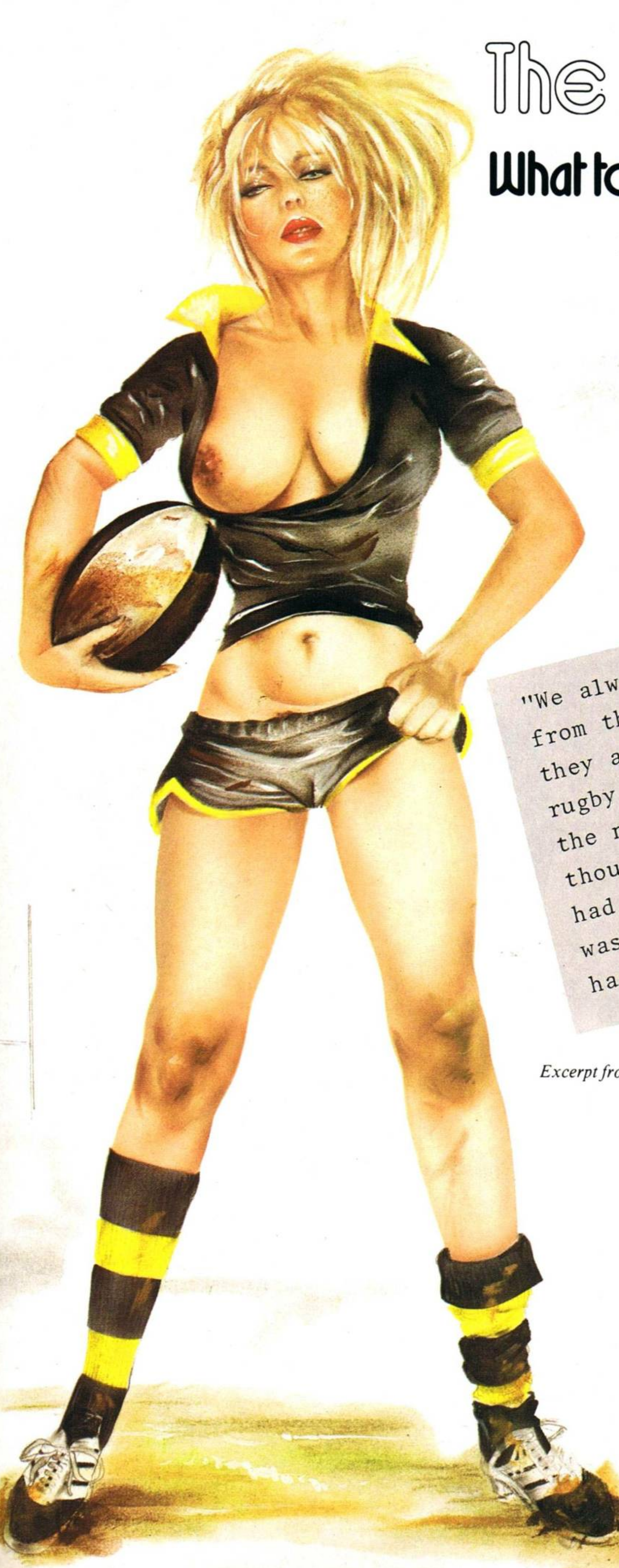


Alison was born in Liverpool and has lived there ever since. She went to a high school in the town where she passed nine O levels and four A levels before gaining a place at the university. 'I studied psychology at the university but I couldn't stand it. I decided the course was wrong for me so I dropped out halfway through the second year.' Alison has a great love for her home town and is quite content to remain there, although she hopes to travel across America one day. But that is just how she feels at the moment for Alison admits she doesn't plan ahead but just takes things as they come. 'I value freedom too much.'

The Modern Ms

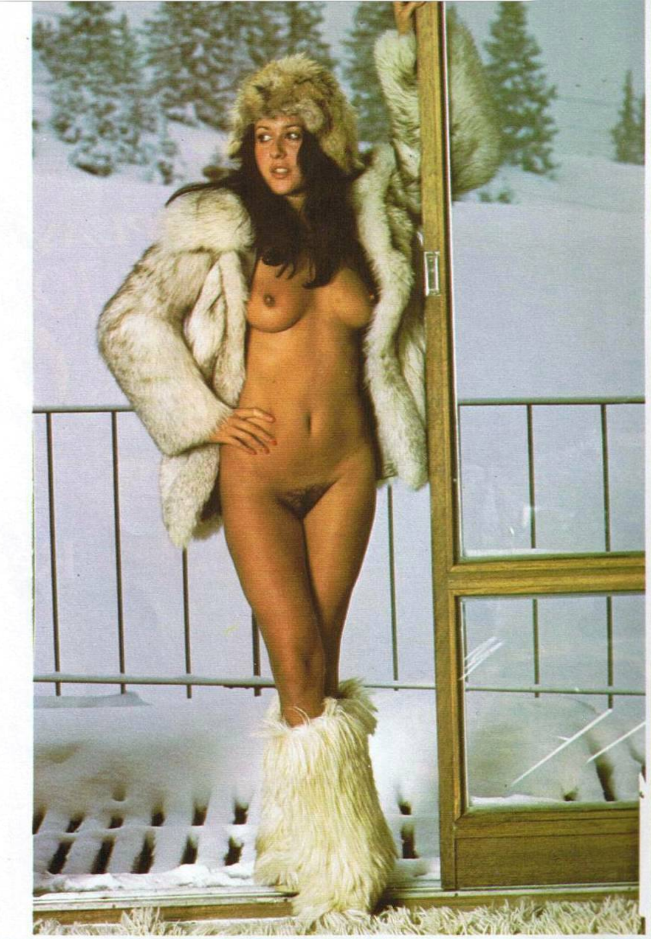
What today's girls get up to

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb



"We always get a good response from the spectators, even when they are traditional male rugby fans. If you had heard the noise last week you'd have thought J P R Williams himself had scored. But the cheering was for one of our girls who'd had her shirt half ripped off."

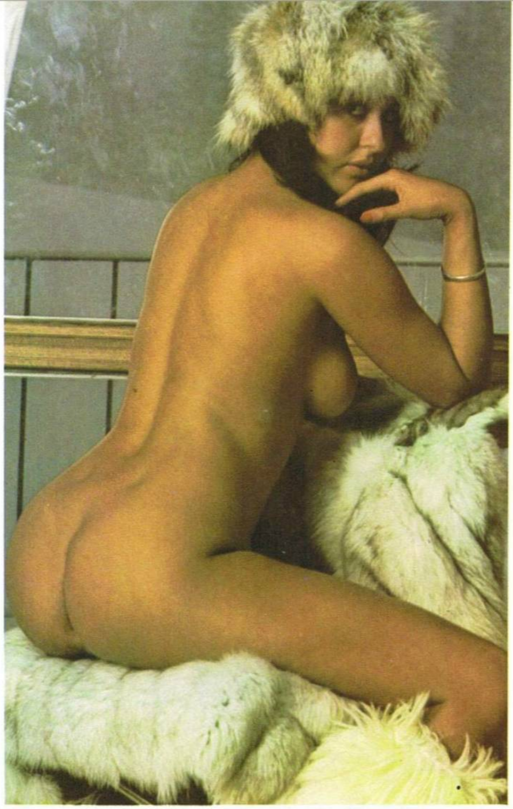
Excerpt from radio interview with member of female rugby team formed after a visit by the US ladies side.



MARTINA

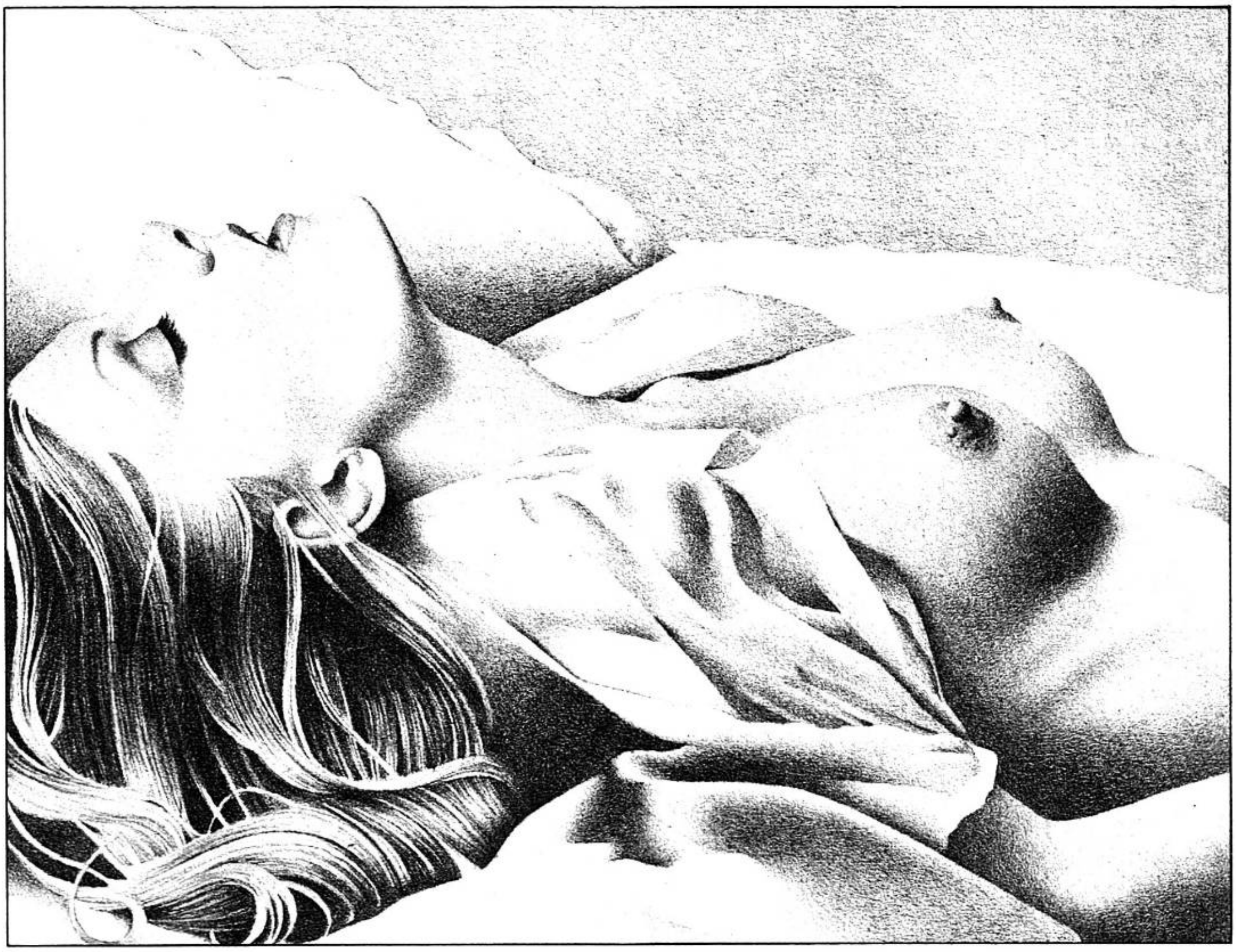
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

When 22-year-old Martina Turner arrived in Switzerland for a two-week skiing holiday in Zermatt, she had no idea she would ever appear in the pages of *Mayfair*. No thought could have been further from her mind as she arrived in the town which nestles amongst the Alpine peaks. But less than a week later she was posing her 36–24–35 figure for one of our regular *Mayfair* photographers, Roy Brewington. Roy spotted her in a souvenir shop and was quick to recognise the potential of those hidden charms.



'It came as quite a surprise when Roy asked me to pose as I'd never considered modelling,' recalled Martina, 'but when I thought it over the idea appealed to me. I have always been something of an exhibitionist and like the idea of showing off my body to lots of men. It was very lucky I happened to be there at the same time as Roy.' Martina was bitten by the skiing bug when her parents took her on a winter sports holiday at the age of nine. Since then she has been to many of Europe's ski resorts and considers herself a capable skier though not an expert. 'I get a little jealous when I see all the Swiss children on the slopes skiing rings around me.' An added attraction for Martina in a winter sports holiday is the ski instructor with whom female pupils traditionally fall in love. 'It is probably because they are totally at ease on the slippery slopes.'

Back home in her native Southampton, Martina works as a window-dresser in a large department store. She says it took her several months to overcome the shyness of working in full view of passers-by. 'I still blush whenever I recall the first time I had to take the trousers off a male dummy. I had never undone a pair of trousers before and quite a crowd gathered to watch me fumbling around.' But Martina tells us she's now as experienced as us in undressing models.



QUEST

The laboratory of human response Volume Twelve

Do some jobs offer greater than normal sexual opportunities? Not because such jobs are more glamorous, or better paid, but merely because they provide the natural excuse factor of male-female contact. In such circumstances it often becomes easy for a relationship to extend to a sexual encounter. Quest talks with three interviewees

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One **Male nurse, 23 years old, single, town of origin Birmingham**

This interviewee left school at 18 with two A Levels, to train as a male nurse in a London hospital. He is engaged and currently lives with his fiancée in a rented flat.

Quest: Why did you want to become a nurse?

Nurse: So I could marry a rich doctor. No, I'm only joking because the real reason sounds a bit corny and makes me sound a bit of a twit.

Quest: Tell us.

Nurse: Well, I suppose in a way I really wanted to do something useful and help people. I would have liked to have been a doctor but I was never good enough at school for that. Nursing seemed to be the next best thing.

Quest: How did your friends and family react when you told them?

Nurse: I got all the comments about how nice I would look in a white dress with that funny hat on. You know, that type of thing because when most people think of nurses they always think of a woman. They seemed to respect me for doing a useful job, but I suspected they thought it was more of a woman's thing. But the laugh was on them really.

Quest: Why was that?

Nurse: All the crumpet. It was amazing.

Quest: So your sex life improved when you began your training?

Nurse: I should say so. I'm not boasting because I'm not the sort of bloke who knocks off a different girl every night. But I had more girls in my first year than I'd had in three years before that back home. My mates back in Brum were jealous. I didn't go into details but just told them enough to get them going. And it was true, or most of it was.

Quest: What caused this great improvement in your sex life?

Nurse: There were so many more birds about.

Quest: You mean at the hospital?

Nurse: No, well there were plenty there, but I'm talking about the nurses' home. I was living with dozens and dozens of them, all about the same age.

Quest: Were there other males there?

Nurse: Only a few radiographers and a couple of other male nurses. We were outnumbered by loads. It was like something out of a wet dream. They were randy little bitches as well.

Quest: Why was that, do you think?

Nurse: I'm not sure. A lot of blokes think of nurses as being randy and I always thought it was just wishful thinking. But it did seem to be true. Perhaps it was because it was the first time away from home for most of them.

Quest: Did you know you were going to be living with all those females when you arrived in London?

Nurse: No, I had no idea. It was an added bonus. They should mention things like that in the recruitment campaigns, then they'd have a load more male nurses, I bet.

Quest: What was your sex life like in Birmingham, before you went to London?

Nurse: Nothing to write home about. Oh, I wasn't a virgin. But I wasn't on the job every weekend like some guys. I would occasionally strike lucky at a party or dance, but when we went to a disco I didn't usually get my mouth round anything more exciting than a cheese burger on the way home.

Quest: Did you make more effort to chat girls up in London?

Nurse: Not really. There were more girls to chat to, of course. But that was the point I made earlier. The girls didn't really need chatting up. Not all of them were like that, but a lot seemed to want it as much as blokes do.

Quest: So it was quite easy to get them to have sex?

Nurse: Yes. Like shooting ducks in a barrel. Well imagine the situation. Me and the other guys there were available so if the girls felt randy we were around. That sounds crude, but what I mean is that we saw them every day so we were always chatting them up. It just seemed natural, more natural than meeting a totally strange girl at a disco or party and trying to get her into bed.

Quest: So you preferred this situation where you didn't have to make an immediate impression.

Nurse: Yes. I'm not really shy, well I am a bit. Or reserved, that's the word. I'm more at ease with girls when I don't have to impress them in the first few minutes.

Quest: Did it take you long to get into the swing of things at the nurses' home?

Nurse: Do you mean settling down to the training or as far as girls were concerned?

Quest: For instance how long were you there before you had your first sexual encounter?

Nurse: Only a week. But I was a real muggins and didn't realise at the time what was going on. Every time I think about it now I could bloody kick myself. Talk about green.

Quest: What do you mean?

Nurse: I was offered it on a plate and didn't know.

Quest: You mean you had a chance of sex and passed it up?

Nurse: That's right.

Quest: Please explain.

Nurse: It was a Saturday night, quite late in the evening because I had been down the pub with a couple of mates from back home who had come down for a football match. I wasn't really drunk, just a little merry I suppose. Well anyway I was in my room when she knocked on my door.

Quest: Who was that?

Nurse: One of the trainee nurses in my group, a real good-looker. Really slim with long blonde hair. She had a lovely little bum and incredible tits. Her name was Diane.

Quest: What did she want?

Nurse: She asked if she could borrow some coffee as hers had run out. So I asked her in and made her a cup – I had a kettle in my room as the stuff they made at the hospital was foul.

Quest: What made you think later that she wanted sex with you?

Nurse: She was only wearing a dressing gown and nightie at the time and when she crossed her legs I couldn't take my eyes off those thighs. They were amazing. And the dressing gown kept coming loose so I could see down her nightie. All the time I was thinking how I'd like to give her one. But I didn't dream she had anything like that in mind.

Quest: What happened between you?

Nurse: Well we chatted for a while. Nothing else. Then she went to bed back in her room.

Quest: How did you know she had wanted sex with you?

Nurse: She told me herself a few months later, when I eventually asked her out. I knew the ropes better then and that time we did have it off. It was funny really.

Quest: What was?

Nurse: I mean when we were in bed together she said she'd thought I wasn't interested in her at all. Just because I hadn't taken the hint the evening she wanted coffee.

Quest: So she actually said she'd come into your room because she'd planned to have sex with you that night?

Nurse: Right.

Quest: When was the first occasion you actually had sex with one of the nurses at the home?

Nurse: About a month after I started. It was thanks to Humphrey Bogart in a way.

Quest: What do you mean?

Nurse: Both of us, Mary and me, were Bogart fans and we'd got talking about him in the canteen one day. Then about a week later they showed one of his films on the box. It was *Casablanca*, my favourite.

Quest: How did that film bring you together?

Nurse: I didn't have my own TV in my room and as she knew I was a fan Mary invited me in to watch it on hers.

Quest: Do you think she had planned to have sex with you?

Nurse: I'm not sure. It just sort of happened while we were watching the film. We both sat on her bed watching it and ended up in bed together.

Quest: How did that come about?

Nurse: It was during the romantic bit at the end. That's when it started. You know the film do you, the part where he sends Ingrid Bergman away with her husband although he still loves her?

Quest: Yes. Please continue.

Nurse: When they have that goodbye scene in the fog at the airport I looked over at Mary and she was crying. I was a bit choked myself because that scene is so well acted. Anyway Mary was crying so I leant over and put my arm round her to comfort her. She snuggled up to me and we went on from there.

Quest: Was she quite willing or did you seduce her?

Nurse: I think she wanted it as much as me really. She didn't hesitate and she responded very warmly.

Quest: What happened after you put your arm round her?

Nurse: As I said she snuggled up to me and I cuddled her for a while. Then I leaned over and kissed her. We kissed for a while then she leaned over so we were virtually lying on the bed.

Quest: Did you think that you were going to have sex at that point?

Nurse: I thought I was in with a chance, specially when she let me play with her breasts through her blouse. They were a lovely shape, not large but very firm. I squeezed them through the blouse for a while then undid it and unhooked her bra. It was one of those that undo at the front, lucky really. We were still kissing quite passionately, and she was breathing heavily. I was sure she wanted me to carry on, so I moved my head down and took one of her nipples in my mouth. That made her groan. It's a bit embarrassing going through all this in detail. Nobody will be able to recognise me or her, will they? I don't want my fiancée to find out.

Quest: Don't worry. We don't show photographs.

Nurse: Where was I? Oh yes, well I sucked her nipples for a while then she suggested it would be warmer if we got into bed instead of lying on it. So we both got undressed and got into bed. It was really exciting watching her take down her jeans and little black panties. I remember being amazed at her pubic hair, it was so thick and dark.

Quest: Did you have actual sex?

Nurse: Eventually. We played around for a while. I wanted to run my hands all over that beautiful body. She was the most amazing girl I'd ever been to bed with and I wanted to make the most of it. She seemed to know what she was doing as well.

Quest: You think she was quite experienced?

Nurse: I think so. She kissed me all down my chest and stomach, moving lower and lower until she got to my cock. Then she took it in her mouth. I bet she got top marks for giving the kiss of life. She sucked and licked it until I thought I was going to burst but she stopped before I came and said she wanted to feel me inside her. But I wasn't going to do it that quickly. I wanted to make her really beg me for it, so I went down on her.

Quest: Did she have an orgasm?

Nurse: And how! I thought the whole building was going to be woken up she was yelling so much. She writhed around like an eel, grabbing my hair and pushing my face between her legs. She really enjoyed it. By then she was pleading with me to put it in her so I did.

Quest: Did you achieve orgasm?

Nurse: Yes, I certainly did. She had her legs wrapped around my neck and moved her hips around as if they were a separate part of her. I came like an atom bomb, just sort of exploded inside her.

Quest: Did she achieve orgasm as well?

Nurse: Yes. Just after I did. She was whimpering then she really dug her nails into my back, and gave a huge shudder. We were both exhausted, and just lay on the bed panting for what seemed like ages. Then she started me off again.

Quest: How?

Nurse: She was stroking my cock and of course I got another hard-on. So we did it again, but different this time.

Quest: In what way?

Nurse: I made her kneel on the bed with her bum in the air and put it in from behind.

Quest: Did you both orgasm again?

Nurse: Yes, almost as well as the first time.

Quest: Did you see much of her after that?

Nurse: We went out for a few months then it just petered out. She's at a different hospital, now. But there's still plenty of nurses.

Quest: Thank you very much.

Two **Housewife, 29 years old, red-head, town of origin Newton Abbot**

This interviewee went to secretarial college upon leaving school and married when she was 22. Her husband is considerably older than she is.

Quest: Do you generally find tradesmen sexy?

Housewife: That would be telling, wouldn't it? I've had a couple of experiences – only one lead to sex though. I'm not proud of what I did, honest. In fact I cringe now when I think about it, but it's like that old saying – what is it? – about doing things in haste.

Quest: When were these incidents?

Housewife: First one was quite soon after we were married, though to be honest that was just a bit of sexy fun.

Quest: What do you mean?

Housewife: It was innocent really. Just a bit of skylarking.

Quest: What happened then?

Housewife: One morning I'd been woken really early – about half past seven – by a ring at the door. It was the postman I presumed. Rob and me sleep in the nude, know what I mean, so I just quickly put on my dressing gown – it's a wrap-around one, quite modest really – and answered the door. It was a recorded delivery letter. I had to sign for it and I recall as he gave it to me, I dropped it and had to bend to pick it up. As it happened, my dressing gown came undone at the top and one of my boobs popped out. The postman made some cheeky remark, something like that it was nice to see that I'd popped out. It made me blush, but I tried to laugh it off. He just grinned and told me that I'd *really* blush if he told me some of the sights he'd seen. It was all very good humoured, and it wasn't as though I found him attractive – he was quite elderly. I felt so relieved when I shut the door on him though, but it made me think.

Quest: That it would be nice to show yourself to a more dishy man?

Housewife: Yes, but it wasn't like that – all clinical; and it wasn't until we'd moved into our first house that the opportunity arose. No, not opportunity so much, more circumstances.

Quest: When was this?

Housewife: Rob and I had been going through a pretty bad patch in our sex lives – I was never unfaithful to him, honest – and I was feeling, well, a bit frustrated. Rob, and I don't want to be unkind to him, isn't a superstud – he's more quiet and sensitive. Our sex life was all right, but nothing extraordinary.

Quest: What you're trying to say is that you fancied the idea of flirting with the tradesmen. Is that right?

Housewife: Well, I suppose, yes. No! What am I saying? No, this sounds awful. It wasn't like that either time.

Quest: So what did happen?

Housewife: We moved and we were having some floor tiles laid in the kitchen and the guy who was doing it was a youngish chap, rather goodlooking. Rob had chosen him, I think because he was the cheapest. He was there for about three days and we started chatting, you know how it is, and I'd make him a cup of tea. He was quite nice and I thought that on the last day I could be a bit daring with him – nothing dirty mind you. Just that I'd remembered the postman thing and I figured it might be quite a turn-on like.

Quest: So you dressed up for him?

Housewife: Undressed. No, Rob had gone off to work and Terry – the tiler – came round about half nine in the morning. I put on my dressing gown again to let him in. He didn't really notice me. I didn't want to have sex with him – that would be being unfaithful – all I really wanted to do was maybe be friendly with him, you know.

Quest: Petting?

Housewife: God, I sound awful don't I? It's difficult to put it into words now, years later, it was just one of those things. Who knows why they happen: I might have been a bit bored at home.

Quest: So what did you do?

Housewife: I was all flushed and my heart was pounding from the excitement of what I had planned – I was going to ease my gown open and let my boob hang out. But when I did he'd turned his back and wasn't looking in my direction. So I had to make some excuse about getting to the sink to make a cup of tea and I asked him to pass me the kettle which I was going to boil up in the utility area, and just as he turned to me I pretended to pick something up from the floor and of course my gown billowed open and he must have had a good look at my boobs – I'm not small chested either.

Quest: What effect did this have on him?

Housewife: He just said that my boobs were showing. I felt so silly because he hadn't given the response I had hoped for at all.

Quest: Which was?

Housewife: Well, to say how nice they were – compliment me in some way. I was bright red and I felt like crawling away and dying because it hadn't worked. I felt like doing something else somehow but I couldn't think what. The conversation went off and I turned to go out when he just said to me 'Do you want to fuck?' I turned around and said 'I beg your pardon', sort of all hurt.

Quest: And what reaction did this get?

Housewife: He said something like: 'It's obvious – you want a seeing to, don't you. A bit of young cock eh? You women are all the same. Well, come on then.' And with that he got up and put his arms around me and planted his lips over mine and he started kissing me really hard. I had to push him off because his hands were filthy and he was getting prints all over my gown.

Quest: And you went further?

Housewife: Having made a fool of myself it just seemed natural to go on – I mean I would be more embarrassed if I hadn't carried on, and besides my adrenalin was pounding through my veins.

Quest: So what did you do?

Housewife: I put my hand down and rubbed him through his overalls and that's when I think he believed I was serious for the first time; even through all those clothes I could feel him stiffen. I asked him to take off his work clothes and follow me upstairs. In the bedroom I quite shocked myself. I'd already decided I wasn't going to have him inside me, but I was like another woman, not myself. I asked him to get it out and I explained to him that I wasn't going to have sex with him, but that he could lick me down there – my husband won't do that.

Quest: Did you fellate him?

Housewife: I sometimes do that for my husband but I think it's dirty, especially with a near stranger. He had the most gorgeous thing though. When I felt him slide down me and the warm breath on my naughties I just had to ask him to wriggle round so I could see and taste him. He was very good to me, he worked wonders and made me come again and again. After I'd come he said he wasn't ready himself yet and I remember thinking to myself what a performer he must have been – making it last so long. Finally – I had to laugh – he said his tongue was beginning to ache and he asked if he could bring himself off between my breasts. He sat on the edge of the bed and I squatted in front of him and he pushed his thing between my breasts, and told me to squeeze them together. He then built up his rhythm again and I was so amazed seeing his thing all dark and huge showing through my cleavage. It gave me the opportunity to lick it occasionally too. When he came it was amazing. I had to change the sheets in the end as Rob was due home soon after.

Quest: Did you see him again?

Housewife: No. Afterwards we were chatting and I asked him how it had been and the bastard said he'd had better. I felt very cheap.

Quest: But you did have sex with, of all people, a window cleaner didn't you?

Housewife: I'm not really bad. It's only happened those two times.

Quest: What about this time?

Housewife: All right. Rob hasn't been able to satisfy me lately – not like he used to. He's very considerate and thinks of me – he bought me a vibrator. Poor dear, he must be going through hell. The truth is, however, that although I say sex isn't important, you've got to have some relief haven't you?

Quest: Quite. Please go on.

Housewife: The thing was that the window cleaner doesn't come at any particular day or time and this morning I'd seen Rob off to work and I began to feel a bit depressed sexually, so I thought I'd go back to bed and diddle myself. God, I sound awful.

Quest: Not at all.

Housewife: Well, I undressed and stood looking at myself in the mirror, gently caressing my breasts. I didn't bother to draw the curtains as we've nets and no one can see in anyway . . .

Quest: Except . . .

Housewife: Precisely. After I'd got my nipples up I lay on the bed and closed my eyes and just let my hands rub over my body, just letting them brush over my slit. It made me feel very good and as I got more involved I gently slid my fingers inside and started rubbing myself and moaning a little. I couldn't bare to open my eyes, as long as they were closed I could imagine it was a man. I began to feel myself building up but I wanted to feel something hard and big down there. It was a pure animal feeling. So, I lent over and got my vibrator and used it like a penis. Apart from making me laugh at first, it soon had me coming and after I just drifted off to sleep. I was woken perhaps ten minutes later by the door bell.

Quest: Were you feeling satiated?

Housewife: In a way, but it wasn't the feeling you get with a man.

Quest: So the window cleaner was at the door?

Housewife: Yes. He said he'd done the windows and suddenly I went bright red and remembered the upstairs bedroom window had been open and at the same time I was asking him how much. He said that after what he'd seen, he'd gladly not make a charge. The thing was he made it sound so matter of fact. I went all stammery and couldn't think straight. 'You saw me,' I asked him. He said that in his business he'd seen some sights but that was the most erotic thing he'd seen. In the heat of the moment I forgot he'd been a Peeping Tom. I asked him in and we talked a bit, about some things he'd seen and I found I was getting all worked up again.

Quest: You seduced him?

Housewife: I told him how frustrated I was with Rob. He was saying things like 'Passed it, is he? What you need is a nice young stud like me.' And as I was only wearing my gown again I let it ride open so he could see my legs. He came over to me and we just started kissing and his hands were all over me, working between my legs. I was all worked-up and wanted a real prick inside me and we just started screwing right there. It felt marvellous: he was so manly and rough in a nice sort of way and when he came it was beautiful, feeling his warmth spurting inside me.

Quest: You saw a lot more of him?

Housewife: We had regular sessions whenever he did our street. It was silly of me but I began to get serious about him, I suppose because he was giving me the sex I was missing with Rob: but it was doomed. We even started making plans about me leaving Rob and moving in with him.

Quest: What soured it?

Housewife: He didn't come and another chap turned up. It came out that he'd left the company and gone off somewhere. He hadn't mentioned it before. The chap said he'd got some girl into trouble and had cleared off.

Quest: You'd learned your lesson?

Housewife: I should say so.

Quest: Thank you.

Three Trainee shoe shop manager, 20 years old, town of origin, Nottingham

This interviewee left school at 18 to join the local branch of a shoe shop chain as trainee manager.

Quest: What made you decide to work in a shoe shop?

Trainee: It wasn't that I especially wanted to work in a shoe shop, but I was coming up for leaving school and decided that I wanted a job in retailing. Before the end of term we had a careers presentation and a large shoe shop chain told us about their openings in management training.

Quest: Your company specialises mainly in ladies' shoe fashions.

Trainee: It didn't worry them that I was male. I think I was a bit more concerned, but they reassured me that it was accepted for men to serve women in shoe shops.

Quest: I imagine that some of your school friends teased you about spending a large part of your working day with your eyes at the same level as the knees of your lady customers.

Trainee: I suppose that was inevitable. Shortly after I started working at the local branch my friends would ask me to describe all the things I saw during the day – most were just kidding, but a few were really serious. You know, the way young blokes talk to each other, but after a couple of months the novelty wore off and they stopped asking.

Quest: Is that because you had no interesting experiences to tell them about?

Trainee: To some extent, but I've been at this branch for about two years now, and during that time I suppose on a dozen occasions things have happened.

Quest: Could you describe some of these.

Trainee: The first was quite interesting, but as well as arousing me, you know, it made me a little nervous and in the end gave me a good laugh. I'd been working for just over three months and one afternoon in the week two girls came in. I suppose I should say women because I reckon they were in their early twenties. My manageress went over and asked if she could help them but they said they were just looking along the racks. But when another customer came in and was being served by the manageress they came over and asked if I could help them. One was dressed in jeans and the other wore long black boots and a skirt which came below the knees and covered the tops of her boots. She bent forward and pulled up her skirt a few inches to reveal all of her boots which came above her knees in what I used to call Robin Hood style. That fashion was very popular then, and she asked me if we did a similar boot in brown suede. I asked her size and left both of them sitting in the shop while I went out back.

Quest: What happened next?

Trainee: The only boots I could find in that style were half a size too small, but being suede they often stretch, so I took them into the shop. When the girl in the skirt saw me approaching she quickly whipped off her left boot and she wasn't wearing anything underneath.

Quest: That's not unusual is it?

Trainee: Usually women wear calf length stockings under their boots if they are not wearing tights. In fact, we keep the short ones for customers to slip on before trying boots, but this girl said she'd prefer to try the boots without. I offered to help her on with them but she rather nervously took the boot and said she'd manage. I didn't think anything of that but her friend in the jeans started nudging her and saying 'go on Jan, let him give you a hand'. But 'Jan' pulled it on herself – which proved to be quite a struggle – and then said, far too quickly and unnaturally I thought, 'no, they don't suit me. I don't think I'll try the other one.'

Quest: Did they look that bad?

Trainee: They looked great. She was blonde, and brown suede looks good on blondes. And she had the figure as well.

Quest: What happened then?

Trainee: She tried to get the boot off. First of all by herself and then I offered a hand. But she got really worried at that and would only let her friend help. That didn't help either so in the end she gave in and let me have a tug, but all the while holding her leg down and pushing her skirt between her legs. The friend in jeans laughed at this and said that if she'd worn stockings the boot wouldn't have got stuck.

Quest: Did you manage to get it off?

Trainee: Eventually. I was pulling really hard and suddenly it came loose and I nearly lost my balance. I'm glad I didn't because I'd have missed seeing Jan fly backwards taking a row of three lightweight chairs with her, and ending up with her legs in the air. You can probably guess the next bit – she was starkers under her skirt and for a brief moment I glimpsed one of the best bums I have seen, her fair pubes and even her clit poking through.

Quest: Was she hurt?

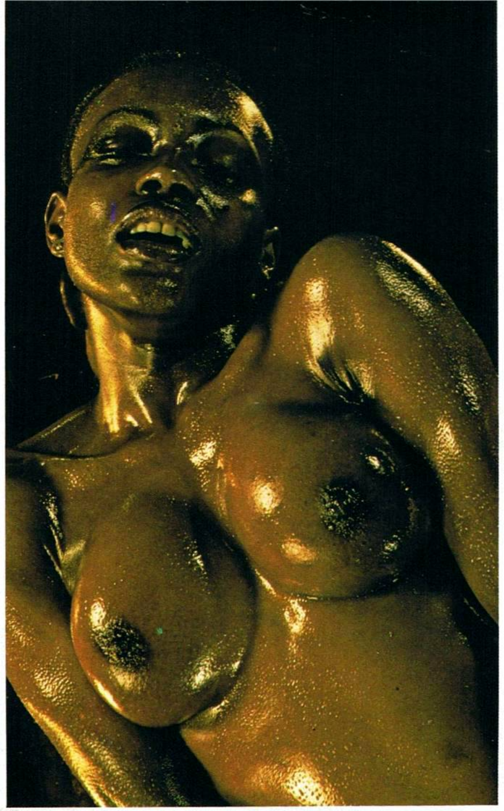
Trainee: Only her pride. She couldn't get out of the shop quickly enough. It dawned on me later that when the boot was tight she'd realised she might show too much getting it off. Still it was quite a turn-on getting an unexpected flash like that.

Quest: I suppose during some of your other

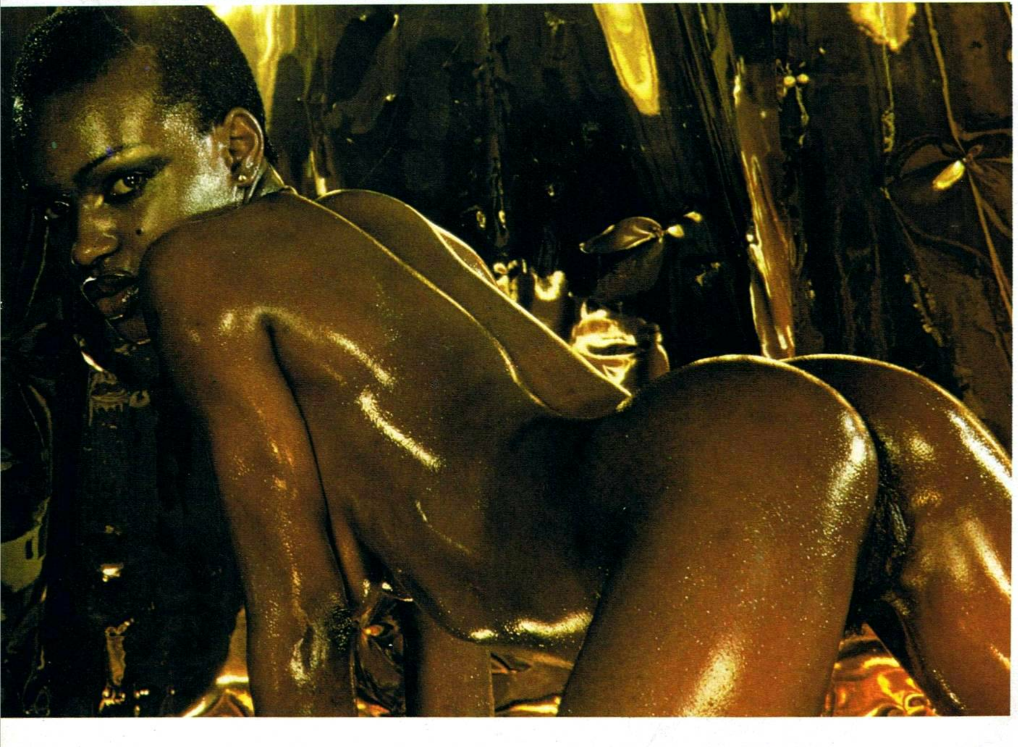
Katsina the Black Gold girl

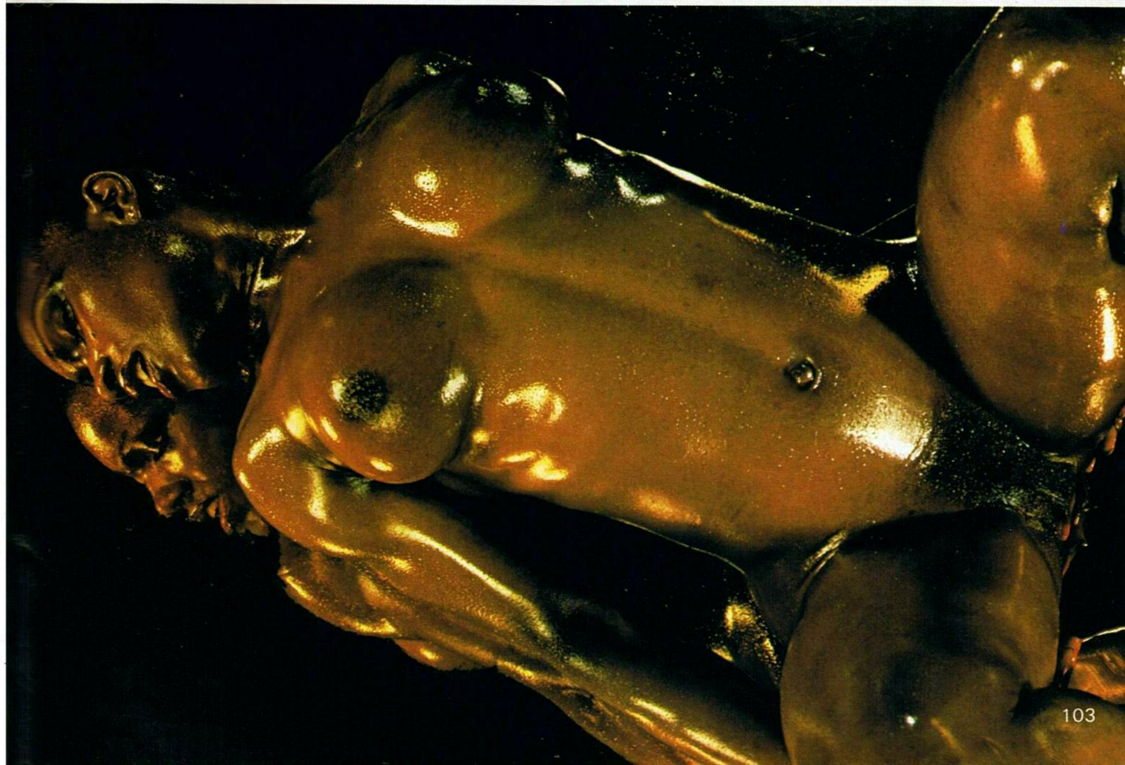
PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

Dazzling Katsina from the Gold Coast of West Africa symbolises the strength of Africa in world oil and gold markets. The oilman's jargon for his raw product is bubbling black gold, and a better description for 19-year-old Katsina would be hard to find. Her athletic 35–23–36 body, oiled from top to bottom, could hardly keep still and the lights sparkled from her 22 carat complexion.



Katsina would like to become one of Africa's export commodities herself, not just in photographs, but in real life. 'I want to visit England, and then America', said Katsina. 'And that's why I jumped at the chance of modelling for an English magazine. Besides, it was a nice feeling having the oil rubbed into the places I couldn't reach – at least I said I couldn't. You see, when the magazine comes out maybe I'll be offered a few modelling jobs.' But Katsina then admitted that the chance of a modelling career wasn't her sole motive: 'Like most of the girls here, one day I'd really like to go with a white guy and until I do the next best thing is turning on a whole bunch of them. I get a real turn on just thinking of all those guys looking at me.' Yes, Katsina's own black gold has export potential.





LETTERS

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her pubic region covered (wasting your pages indeed!) he asks for more models from the newspapers.

It may interest you to know that Jane Seymour appeared in a photo session for *Playboy* fully clothed and nobody complained.

Personally I would like at least two pages of fully nude pictures in each session, but if the girl is a bit shy what does it matter? It would have been a tragedy if you had scrapped Joanne's session for Mr Heywood's reasons. You simply must feature her again.

D M, Scotland

Mayfair is my favourite men's magazine because it satisfies the sensual and intellectual sides of my nature. Most other men's magazines tend to appeal through a pornographic, sometimes bestial approach.

But the sublimity of *Mayfair* is blemished by some of the letters you choose to publish. One of them was written by a woman about her behaviour in Bangkok after landing there on a package visit.

I am not easily shocked, but I was when I read the depths of sexual iniquity to which she sank and so shamelessly describes.

I think that such a letter degrades the reader and your magazine.

I congratulate you for your articles on such subjects as Lord Cardigan, and the Gaslight Terrorists in Vol 14 Nos 9 and 6 respectively. These enhance *Mayfair* and make it educational, while on other pictorial pages there is young female loveliness to delight a gentleman's eager eyes.

By the way, how about compiling a *Mayfair* bedside book containing the ripest fruits of back issues?

Colin Kerr, London

For a magazine that prides itself on getting the facts right, you made a journalistic abomination in Vol 14 No 11. I am referring to the cover line of 'Notts Forest's Sexiest Supporter'. I am not disputing that she is *Nottingham* Forest's sexiest supporter. In fact she displays the finest pair of twin strikers ever seen at the City Ground. But I take exception to the use of the name *Notts* Forest.

Obviously, being a London-based magazine you think you can treat us provincials as yokels.

So I propose to fight fire with fire. The reduction of one of the capital's most famous teams to an abbreviation should go some way to getting our own back. Up the ARSE.

Ian Jones, Nottingham

In Vol 14 No 11 you featured the delightful Mary Soam, supposedly a *Nottingham* Forest supporter.

Any ardent Forest fan wouldn't dare call them *Notts* Forest, but we'll accept this little mistake just this once.

How about more Nottingham girls, they're much better than girls from other parts of the country. That should be a good point for starting an argument.

N M, Aldershot

Well spotted. It shows our readers are on the ball.

I write as one of your obviously increasing number of female readers to express my appreciation of the photos of Carol in Vol 14 No 12. It is nice to see us girls with 33 inch busts being given a chance.

I find that being small-busted can often be an advantage in that only rarely is a bra necessary.

I have to admit surprise, however, at the number of writers who feel that the magazine is going too far with its shots of the pubic area. I think that a tastefully constructed photograph of a girl with her legs wide apart shows an area of great beauty, truly a girl's greatest asset. On the subject of photographs I feel there is also scope for pictures of couples. In certain other magazines such shots do of course appear, but these are of generally low quality using girls who lack natural beauty and guys in such contrived positions that their essential equipment is always in a fairly limp state. I am sure that *Mayfair's* essential good taste and skill could show these poor rivals a thing or two.

The Quest interviews in Vol 14 No 10 made very interesting reading. My sister Carol and I used to share a room in a flat and consequently when either of us brought a boyfriend home, he was initially somewhat taken aback at the idea of sex in the presence of a third party. But they usually got used to the idea with the result that with the more adventurous we often had a successful *menage a trois*, or even *quatre* when we both brought

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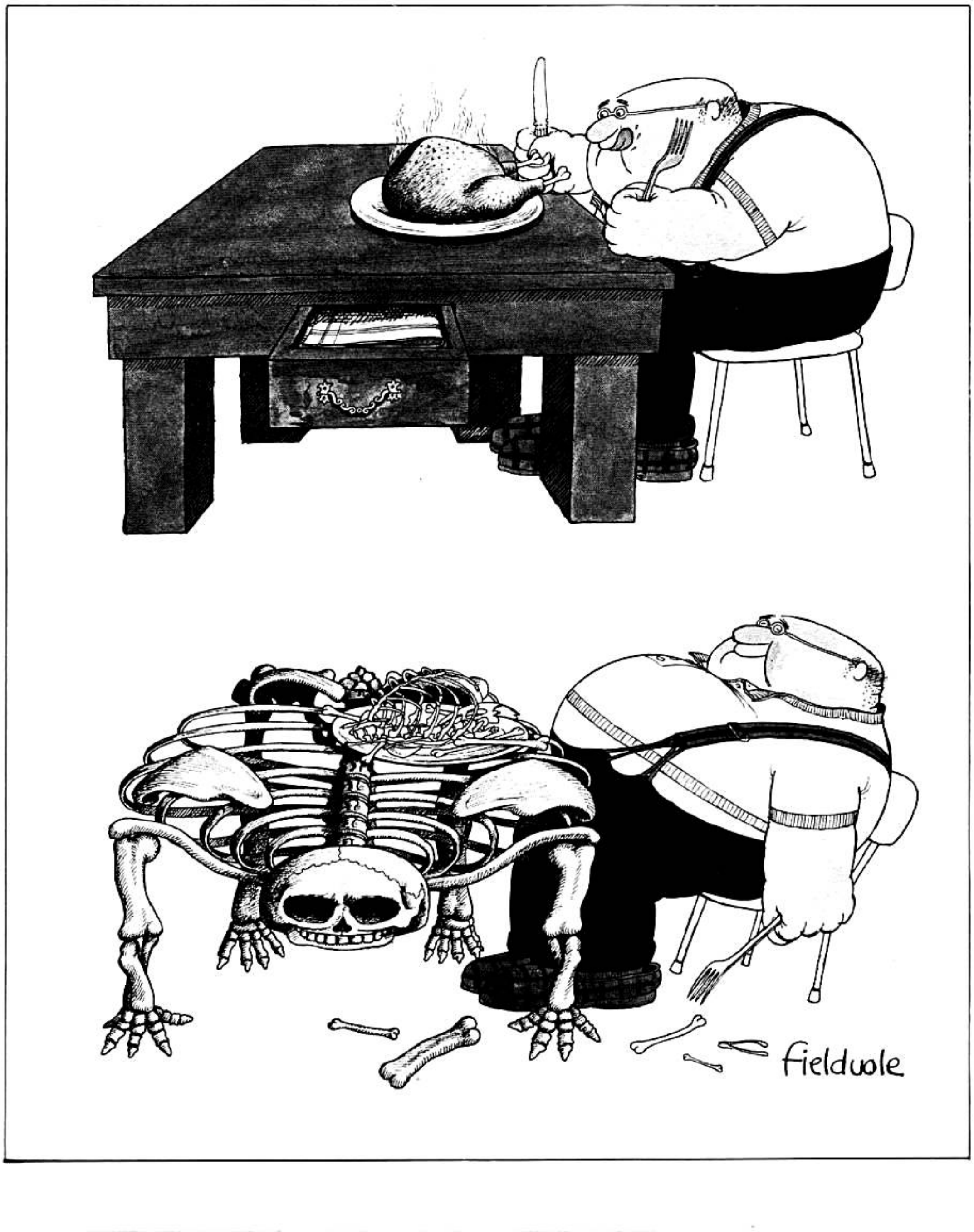

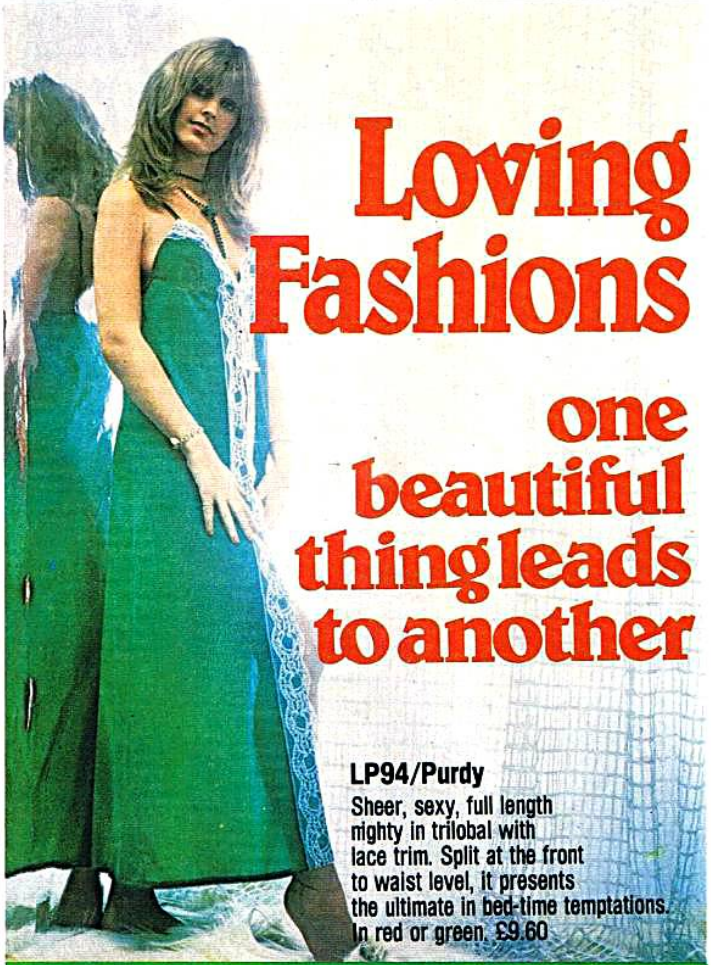

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LETTERS

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boyfriends home for the night. We now have our own flat with separate bedrooms but still take great pleasure, when one of us has brought a new boyfriend home for the night, in switching places while he is asleep. Many a time one of them has woken up in the morning and made love before he realised that we have swapped places.
Miss L T, Sutton

I am an eighteen-year-old male with an unusually large sexual appetite. I have just come from a moderate home to university and decided on arrival to satisfy my needs, having left a super sex-partner at home.

For the first two weeks of term I simply could not pull a bird, then my luck changed suddenly. I met a great bird at a disco and we went home for a coffee.

We never actually got the coffee because we were both too intent on a quick grope on the bed. It was not long before the breast-squeezing was finally abandoned and she moved her leg across my heaving body. She was wearing an incredibly sexy skirt and naturally I moved it up over her thighs. What a disappointment to find that it was her off-week, as she explained apologetically. But I knew nature would soon remedy matters and I left her hall of residence feeling about ten feet tall and fantasising about what was to come.

A week later we had a great session. She was not exceptionally experienced but a mediocre lover. Her technique may not have been good, but I just wanted to get my rocks off, which I did.

The following week there was a disco in the Students' Union where the guys dressed up as dirty old men and the birds (and a few poofters) went as schoolgirls. Some, not my girlfriend, wore very erotic suspender-belts and seamed stockings. But I was concentrating on the prospect ahead of me – a groovy 'cup of coffee' as it had come to be termed at my girlfriend's place.

When we got there she seemed quite apathetic. We lay down on the pathetically small bed like two dead kippers until I broke the ice, suggesting that she take off her skirt as it was hot.

She turned towards me, kissed me gently and then went into violent contortions trying to get it off. There was no doubt at all that there was going to be a strictly non-platonic follow-up to this. I removed her blouse and silky bra and she lay under me wearing only her knickers and tights. Her legs were wrapped firmly around my waist and her hands were pulling my bottom down on her with such pressure that my groin was aching.

I lifted her up so that I was kneeling on the bed and she was straddling me while I was trying to get her panties off.

She was bouncing up and down like a randy rabbit and once she was fully undressed I felt her hot little love-box as ready as any I'd ever come across.

I put my finger inside her and she went rigid, on the brink of an orgasm.

Suddenly, to my immense disappointment, she took hold of my hand and pulled it away, saying: 'Go on; out with you. I'm not having you stay here for another night.' What a let-down and a shock. My previously rock-hard erection seemed like warm jelly as I pulled my trousers up. She held the door open for me and I could do nothing except go. She was being a bitch and we both knew it.

I left feeling spiteful and deeply disappointed.

It was one of the most bizarre sexual relationships I have ever had. I wonder if any other readers could tell me why, on the brink of an orgasm, she broke away and told me to pack my bags and go?

It certainly baffled me.
(Name and address withheld)

I think your readers may be interested in and a little amused by an incident which happened to me the other day. I have been going out with my latest girlfriend Susan for a couple of months now, and as you might expect we have been getting progressively closer to one another both emotionally and physically. The other night she invited me to stay over if I wanted to. She said her mother, who was separated from her husband, had no objections as she seemed to think that Sue and I were very seriously involved together, which we are.

So that night I packed my toothbrush, made a point of forgetting to pack my pyjamas, and set out to meet Sue for what I hoped would be a weekend of total sexual abandon.

We had a great time that night and after spending most of the evening in a club, we got back to her house just as her mother was going up to bed.

Not surprisingly I was a little uncomfortable and slightly embarrassed at having to follow her mum up the stairs, knowing that I would be screwing her lovely little daughter within minutes.

Sue herself totally stunned me in the sack. She seemed so quiet and reserved when I had been with her in the past, but as soon as I got my hand in her pants she turned into an animal. The girl was insatiable and needless to say we spent a fine old night.

But all the time I was screwing her I swear I could hear bells ringing in my ears. I merely put it down to over-exertion and carried on.

It wasn't until morning when I told Sue of the ringing noise in my ears all through our session that she explained it to me: the noise was caused by the small bell which her mother kept attached to her mattress springs. To say I was stunned is an understatement, but apparently she kept it there to remind Sue that she couldn't just bring boys home for casual sex without her knowing about it.

I laugh now, but that bell is still there and when I hear it ringing it is music to my ears.

C S. Harwich

Your girlfriend sounds very appealing and we bet she goes like the clappers.

I hope your readers will appreciate the latest sexual deviation which I shared with one of my girlfriends recently.

A fairly new confection introduced onto the market is a fascinating product called Spacedust. For those of you who have not sampled the delights of this sweet, I hope this testament will encourage you to purchase a sample next time your love lives are flagging.

My girlfriend arrived at my flat and we settled down for what she thought would be our usual hectic love-making session. When, after a short while, the love-juices were flowing I delved under the pillow and produced a sachet of the magic dust.

I deftly inserted some of the contents inside her. Then I entered her and proceeded to thrust wildly against her pelvis. Within seconds she was flooded with orgasms that all but lifted us both off the table, where we had been when the mood took us.

The popping sensations caused by the Spacedust inside her quickly drove me to ejaculate wildly, and my juices further activated the Spacedust.

This small cheap product which costs only ten pence per sachet has done more for my love-life than all the sexual aids under the sun. A secret that I am happy to pass on to other readers.

R Lowes, London

Sounds out of this world.

As a girl I recently saw something that turned me on and restored my belief that there are still red-blooded men around.

My husband Mark and our neighbour Joe are quite close friends, but they recently began to quarrel over Joe burning rubbish, or something equally trivial.

Both Joe's wife Cathy and myself rushed out to stop the quarrel, but as the days went by the matter still hadn't been forgotten and the two men were becoming moody. Mark came home from work one night and suggested that to settle the feud the two men should engage in some form of contest. Then their friendship could be resumed.

Running, boxing and other sports came to mind as we discussed the idea, but I suggested wrestling as both men would get the physical contact they obviously needed and there would not be as much bloodshed as in a boxing bout.

Mark agreed at once, not wanting his physical prowess to be doubted because he and Joe parade around in the summer like two peacocks.

I consulted Cathy the next day and she was very enthusiastic at the thought of seeing two well-built men grappling together. Joe also accepted the

turn to page 112

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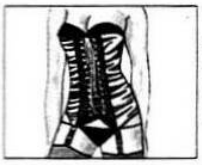

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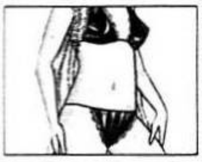

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LETTERS

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contest as he thinks himself a bit of a he-man. So a date was arranged. On the day, Mark and I met Cathy and Joe at their house where a room had been cleared and a rug put down for the ring. We sent the men to the bathroom where they stripped down to brief pants. As they returned I couldn't take my eyes off Joe as he flexed his muscles showing off his six foot height with broad shoulders tapering down to a solid muscled belly and leaving little to the imagination in his briefs.

Mark was being craftily eyed up as well and I was proud to see him exercising with his neat buttocks and flat, firm belly. It was obvious Cathy was attracted to him. I explained that the contest would end when one of the men caused his opponent to submit. Our charges came over to be oiled up and rubbed down, and the sight of these two studs made me weaken.

They circled each other grinning and teasing as each man tested his opponent. Then they locked together.

The wrestling was fast and furious as both men engaged in provocative crotch holds, which I think were intended just to excite the women. But the pace increased as neither wanted to lose face.

As they wrestled the briefs were slipping off both men. Cathy ordered a break, but they were too carried away by now and stood apart, making comments about each other's fitness and wrestling skill. Mark thought his pants had been tugged so Joe suggested they take them off completely, leaving us girls facing two magnificent beasts – naked, oily and sweating. The contest lasted for another five minutes, until to my delight Mark got Joe in an arm lock, rolled him onto his stomach and made him cry for mercy.

Mark struggled to his feet and I rushed to towel him down while Joe lay exhausted on his back, heaving and panting as Cathy gently comforted and massaged his weary body.

The argument settled, my winner helped the loser up and took him to the shower. We were surprised how much sexual excitement can be whipped up by a fight like this. Cathy and I watched them in the shower, soaping each other and talking about the fight. When I returned home with Mark we had an ecstatic love-making session during which I found myself reliving his victorious contest.

Since then I have wondered whether other women have similar feelings. And Mark has often seen men at the pool with whom he would like a wrestling bout to prove to me what a man he is. If other readers do feel the same way, we should form a club where we women can watch men having a go at each other.

(Name and address withheld)

For the past few years I have been a reader of *Mayfair* and although I am continually impressed by it I have one slight criticism. I have noticed from many other letters that I am not the only one who likes the look of a girl dressed in boots, yet it seems that if girls have any footwear, it is shoes. Surely you can show girls dressed only in boots.

Dave Woodward, Guildford

You make us feel heels.

My local paper, the *Southern Evening Echo*, updates the fortunes of Sally Ball who appeared in *Mayfair* Vol 12 No 3 at the age of 16.

She has just got married to the manager of a hairdressing salon.

I think she is a smashing girl and I am glad she is doing so well, which really is the result of her appearance in *Mayfair*.

J S. Southampton

Sally lost her job as a hairdresser after appearing in Mayfair. *But the world-famous hairdresser Teazy Weazy*

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